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"Maitri-Bhavan"
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THE ARYAN PATH

Point out the "Way" — however dimly, and lost among the host — as does the evening star to those who tread their path in darkness.
—The Voice of the Silence

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"THUS HAVE I HEARD"—
A LIVING EPIC

The Epic named *Jaya* must be listened to by him who desires success.
—Adi Parva, Mahabharata.

Scholarly and very useful work has been done by painstaking Sanskritists at Poona's Bhandarkar Oriental Institute with the recension of the authentic text of the great Epic. That recension of the original text of the *Mahabharata* is a monument of more than historical significance.

We hope that a team of able men of insight will undertake the task of translating the *Mahabharata* using the Bhandarkar Institute text. Meantime we continue to be indebted to the translation published in the last century by Pratap Chandra Roy. But the bulky volumes of that "close and valuable translation" do not attract many readers among the busy public of our busy civilization. We therefore welcome the result of two new ventures at abridgment; both commencements are based upon that translation. The first is the issue of the *Adi* and *Sabha Parvas* by Shri C. V. Srinivasa Rao, M.A., C.I.E. of Bangalore; the second is "selections from" the *Adi* and *Sabha Parvas* by Mr. S. C. Nott of Chelsea, London.

These two condensations are done from different points of view: the former should interest especially many Indians, not only Hindus, but also all who are Indian citizens and who have their roots in the Noble Land of Aryas, whose culture is chronicled in the *Mahabharata*. Long generations of Hindus have learned the *Mahabharata's* lore mainly by osmosis, through hearing the stories and legends repeated for children by their mothers and grandmothers, for the youths by their instructors. But now, when education is dependent chiefly on sight and reading, that osmosis process has stopped its beneficent work. Shri Srinivasa Rao's labour of love in planning an English translation in abridged form will supply a need. The first instalment is attractively got up and the contents are very readable. It

is "a smaller canvas, but sufficiently large to admit . . . as much as possible of this unique epic." This abridgment is being issued in parts and so the ordinary reader will not be frightened by the bulk of the original. The point of view of Shri Rao is not only to present the main story, so very admirably done in verse by the great Indian, Romesh Chunder Dutt, whose handy volume is most attractive. Valuing highly "the greatest work of imagination that Asia has produced," Shri Dutt regrets that "tales, traditions, legends and myths . . . found a shelter under the expanding wings of this wonderful epic." His abridged rendition is modelled on the Greek Epics, and it certainly is pleasing and informative, and in many respects remains the best version of the main story.

The *Mahabharata*, however, has many aspects. To quote Shri Srinivasa Rao, it is "an encyclopædia of knowledge and a social history of the times." To give some idea of it to his Western friends and readers Shri Dutt described the heterogeneous contents of the Epic thus :—

> The religious works of Hooker and Jeremy Taylor, the philosophy of Hobbes and Locke, the commentaries of Blackstone and the Ballads of Percy, together with the tractarian writings of Newman, Keble, and Pusey, were all thrown into blank verse and incorporated with the *Paradise Lost*.

Shri Rao has rightly given in his rendition some mystical and mythical incidents also which will interest many readers. These incidents do not mar the smooth running of the main story, while they bring out some other important features of the colossal Epic.

Allegories, myths and mystical doctrines are valued by the student of Eastern Occultism. Thus, for example, Shri Dutt mentions "the 18 battles fought on 18 days"; and we might add that there are 18 chapters of the *Gita*; and that the contending armies were divided into 18 army corps. Is this only coincidence? The late Shri T. Subba Row, an Adwaiti philosopher and a devotee of Adi Shankara, states: "The book is called by a name which means 'eighteen.' This number is mysteriously connected with Arjuna."

It was the mystical and the occult current of traditional thought running through the *Mahabharata* which greatly attracted the late Mr. A. R. Orage—one of the very few Europeans who had this intuitive conviction: "What Greek and Roman culture did for the dark ages, I believe the *Mahabharata* may do for our own benighted age—more, in fact, because it springs from a higher source." With these words he closed his first contribution to THE ARYAN PATH (Vol. I, p. 89, February 1930) entitled "The Next Renaissance."

The second abridged selection mentioned above, which has now been done by Mr. S. C. Nott, is in-

spired by the memory and work of Mr. Orage. In an Appendix to the volume a few extracts are given from his writings.

Mr. Orage a philosopher, familiar with Esoteric Doctrines has impressed Mr. Nott, who himself is attracted by the Occult; therefore in his selection the student of the *Gupta Vidya,* the Secret Science, will find many thought-provoking, clarifying and uplifting ideas.

H. P. Blavatsky believed in the esoteric character of the *Mahabharata.* She says that the allegorical descriptions are full of significance to the students of the Secret Doctrine. In another place she writes: "The Mahabharatan War, which to the Europeans is the *fabulous,* to the Hindus and Occultists the historical."

The Epic is also designated as *Niti-Shastra*—Code of Morality: how men and women of all ages, different castes and classes, various stages and statures, should behave. Especially is this to be found in the *Shanti Parva* and in the magnificent discourse of Bhishma.

Or take this: For those who aspire to live the Higher Life a teaching is offered for practice. This piece of practical instruction is to be found in the *Anugita,* which like the more popular *Bhagavad-Gita* is part of the great Epic. The Instructor says:—

I have crossed beyond that very impassable place, in which fancies are the gadflies and mosquitoes, in which grief and joy are cold and heat, in which delusion is the blinding darkness, in which avarice is the beasts of prey and reptiles, in which desire and anger are the obstructors, the way to which consists in worldly objects, and is to be crossed by one singly. And I have entered the great forest.

Then follows the description:

There is nothing else more delightful than that, when there is no distinction from it. There is nothing more afflicting than that, when there is a distinction from it. There is nothing smaller than that, there is nothing larger than that. There is nothing more subtle than that; there is no other happiness equal to that. Entering it, the twice-born do not grieve, and do not exult. They are not afraid of anybody, and nobody is afraid of them. In that forest are seven large trees, seven fruits, and seven guests; seven hermitages, seven (forms of) concentration, and seven (forms of) initiation. This is the description of the forest.

H. P. Blavatsky has spoken of the *Anugita* as "a very occult treatise" and quoting at some length from it offers explanations which the earnest student of psycho-philosophy will do well to read.

This Epic is great (*Mahat*) and weighty (*Bharavat*) and of it there is this record:—"Where the Bharata is read, there all sins subside, and there prosperity, fame and knowledge flourish in all joy."

SHRAVAKA

MEDICINE'S OWN NEUROSIS

[**Mr. Roy Bridger** is a courageous fighter against the superstitions which flourish in the name of science; and no other science is obsessed with the dicta of false knowledge as medical science. In this informative article Mr. Bridger brings forth its indictment by eminent men of the medical profession itself. He writes about the tyranny of inoculators and the cruelty of vivisectors; also of the victimizing of the common man and the more ghastly victimizing of innocent children.

People, including some of his followers, have thought that Gandhiji was exaggerated in his condemnation of the modern medical science. He said: "Doctors have almost unhinged us. Sometimes I think that quacks are better than highly qualified doctors." In the light of this article Gandhiji is once again proving himself in the right.—ED.]

Millionaires, who usually make their money by thinking differently to other people, are apt to succumb to a disappointing respect for the conventional when the time comes to allocate legacies. Research work on specific diseases is an old favourite. Yet if results are a criterion such funds are sadly misdirected.

A living organism is an obstinate bit of work. It knows just what it wants. If the right conditions are not forthcoming, it begins to pine, and no matter how drastically local symptoms are treated, the tendency to pine still remains. This is a rock against which medicine has vainly flung all its resources. Instead of going on and on with research work on local symptoms, is it not time to look for the conditions under which pining would not arise?

Already the prophets who keep a little ahead of the crest of the wave can sense that big changes must come. The upward trend of costs in curative medicine, says Dr. G. Matthew Fyfe, medical officer of health for Fife, will force a recognition that the first aim of our health services must be the prevention of disease. Discussing the question whether the Society of Medical Officers of Health should merge with the British Medical Association, the *Medical Officer* has expressed the view that there might be something to be said for the proposal "if prevention were now fully understood and practised by the medical profession as a whole, but the indications are that this happy state has not yet been achieved."

Dr. H. Mackenzie-Wintle, medical officer of health for South Oxfordshire, scorns conventional attitudes to "expensive placebos," which he believes could well be thrown into the river without loss. Other critics lay the blame on the doctors themselves. "If they will take the easy way of prescribing bottles and pills for all and sundry," writes Dr. T. R. Wilkie Millar, Edinburgh, in a letter to the *British Medical Journal*, "they must expect to reap as

they sow." To account for the "fantastic numbers" being treated under the National Health Service, Dr. A. K. Bowman, senior administrative medical officer, Western Regional Hospital Board, Scotland, is driven to conclude that, either attendance at clinics and hospitals is becoming a national pastime, or the medical profession is losing its sense of judgment.

The Times, commenting on Dr. Mackenzie-Wintle's attack on "the fantastic array of purges, nerve sedatives, tonics, concentrates, rejuvenators, smell banishers, night drinks, processed this and irradiated that," is in no doubt that the cure lies with the doctors, who are prescribing an increasing amount of medicine. Harmful "cures" should be attacked as such, if necessary by strengthening legislation. Dr. Mackenzie-Wintle's point that palatable purgatives should be the first to go, since they perpetuate the very ills they purport to cure, is particularly approved.

Medicine, for long an uncertain stumbler on the path of truth, is in fact today joining forces with sinister company indeed. To Dr. Johnson vivisectionists were

> a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

These days, says C. S. Lewis, we hardly dare to use such language—for we have let the other side win. Their victory is "symptomatic of matters more important still":—

> The victory of vivisection marks a great advance in the triumph of ruthless, non-moral utilitarianism over the old world of ethical law; a triumph in which we, as well as animals, are already the victims, and of which Dachau and Hiroshima mark the more recent achievements.

In 1947 the number of experiments on captive animals was 1,287,341. In 1954 it was 2,433,487. Has our rate of elimination of disease doubled accordingly?

Commenting on the remarkable fact that with over two million experiments carried out, only three or four "minor irregularities" were reported, Dr. James F. Brailsford, in an eloquent attack, in the *Birmingham Post,* on vivisection, writes:—

> With the knowledge that irregularities in the treatment of human beings by doctors were of a very much higher proportion, I cannot believe that these three or four were the only irregularities, or that the many more were of such a relatively trifling nature.

Lord Dowding has drawn attention to the disparity between the imprisonment of amateurs in cruelty, and the honours and rewards accorded to its pseudo-scientific professional wholesalers. "This crime," affirmed the late Peter Freeman, M.P., "will go down in history as one of the blackest ever committed by human beings."

> You labour in a torture chamber and dissecting room,

I make my observations under the blue sky to the song of the cicadas:
You subject cell and protoplasm to chemical tests,
I study instinct in its loftiest manifestations:
You pry into death, I pry into life.

There is a close connection between the legalized cruelty to animals at which Fabre expressed such profound horror and contempt, and the growing movement to enforce compulsory vaccination of human beings. In this respect should be noted a tendency to attempt to rescue vaccination from the disrepute into which it has fallen, by referring to the practice as a "public health" measure. The relative importance of the "infection" factor is no higher than a century ago, when sanitation as we know it was practically non-existent; yet even then Kinglake could relate in *Eothen* how he escaped unscathed from plague-stricken Cairo simply because he did not believe in contagion. This is not quite the whole story, but it is at least evident that advocacy of vaccination as a public health measure is a confession of failure in fields of greater relative importance.

In the "backward" countries failure in these fields has left the way clear for "international relief" organizations, with their self-assumed powers of inflicting vaccines and sera on millions of helpless people. From Bechuanaland, for instance, is reported a distressing example of ignorance and ingratitude displayed by unreliable elements towards an international organization unsparing in its efforts to carry the torch of health into the darkest corners of the earth. It seems that in the course of a mass injection campaign sponsored by the World Health Organization, two boys refused vaccination. One of them advanced the quite illogical reason that he had been inoculated once before, and that it had made him so ill that he had missed his examination and, in consequence, promotion to a higher class. In an effort to convince the boys of their foolishness, the local authorities had them handcuffed and locked up in a hut. Next day relatives of the boys arrived to enquire about the arrests. They were told to wait. After some time they repeated their enquiries, and for this insolence were fined an ox apiece. To cover their disgrace, the trial was held in private, and no receipts for the animals were issued. The oxen were killed and the meat distributed among the rest of the people, a large number of whom, however, unaccountably refused to eat it.

Meanwhile, encouraging evidence of a more enlightened attitude to health matters shown by a people receiving modern education comes from England, where the first prize in a recent baby show was awarded to the only entrant able to display a vaccination mark—"the symbol of health," it was pointed out.

Incidentally, how far are medical officers of health themselves eman-

cipated from this nonsense? May they not sometimes back the worst of the so-called "curative" remedies in a mistaken impression that they are genuine preventive measures? The medical officer of health still remains to some extent outside the oppressive rigidity of suppressive medicine, but because he is not completely free his position is enigmatic. He has to reconcile two opposites—medicine and public health. He is doomed to speak with two voices. He is the Flying Dutchman of the health team, driven to search for a formula which can never be found. Some of the best things that have ever been said about health matters have been said by medical officers—and some of the least helpful. There was a time, not so long ago, when the pronouncements of medical officers could be relied on to provide a welcome measure of common sense. One of the most depressing features of the present situation is that these words of wisdom can no longer be invariably expected. The so-called "voluntary" polio vaccine scheme saw a sharp deterioration. Beset with medical officers of health on all sides adopting the technique of the sports commentator and reporting on each succeeding stage of the results as "satisfactory," "highly gratifying" and "excellent," and confronted by a scared child coming home from school complaining "I'm the only one that's not getting vaccinated," parents to whom a little common sense would have made a welcome appeal were stampeded into accepting one more retrograde step in health fatuity.

New "wonder drugs" flourish and are faded out, but suppressive treatment continues on its way as implacably as ever. Today the extravagant claims once made on behalf of cortisone have dwindled almost to vanishing point. No disease can be cured by it. At best it can suppress symptoms, reduce temperature and make the patient feel better—but only at the expense of masking the underlying condition. As supplies of this drug are now plentiful enough for it to be released for use by all general practitioners, the Ministry of Health has issued a warning on the dangerous side-effects it has been found to produce:—

> By lowering the body's resistance to infection, cortisone has been known to produce boils, light up dormant tuberculous conditions and cause perforation of gastric and duodenal ulcers....It also has the property of holding back sodium in the body, while promoting the output of potassium. The twin unpleasant effects of this are dropsy and high blood pressure on one hand, and muscular weakness on the other. ...Some victims of over-dosage become moon-faced....

Note how the word "victims" has crept into the Ministry's warning.

Many people outside the medical profession have criticized the policy of indiscriminate operations which constitutes orthodox treatment's last throw. Now some doctors are entertaining belated doubts. The

removal of children's tonsils and adenoids is deprecated, states Dr. A. K. Bowman, previously quoted for his remarks on excessive medical treatment. The tonsils form part of the human mechanism, he says, and their wholesale extirpation, which has gone on for many years, he believes to be a *completely wrong practice*. But why pick on the tonsils operation? What about all the others? How many more people must be butchered before the signal to reverse is given?

In spite of the tremendous volume of research on disease, there is little to show on the credit side. Dr. Robert Bell, Vice-President of the International Cancer Research Society, has been frank enough to express a complete lack of faith in vivisection, declaring flatly:—

> It is impossible to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion in regard to cancer in man by experimenting on animals. Vivisection never has proved, and cannot possibly in any degree prove of the remotest value to those investigating the nature and treatment of cancer in man.

The *Medical Officer*, in an editorial, has questioned whether the whole of cancer research has produced any significant results: —

> It must be agreed that few ostensibly good causes are more devouring of funds with less positive achievement to show for the cost than abstract research. How much, for example, has been invested in cancer research, and for how long, with how little to show for it.

Dr. I. Berenblum, demonstrator at the Sir William Dunn School of Pathology, Oxford, declares in his book *Science versus Cancer*:—

> In most diseases the cure is performed by the body itself. Even in regard to non-infective diseases, the methods of "cure" are in most cases subservient to, or work in close harmony with, the body itself, and where the body can do little, the external "cure" is often only palliative.

Medicine without science is no better than black magic; indeed, its effects may be far worse. Yet only one real scientist exists—Nature.

One of the most tragically lost opportunities in the history of Britain's health services was the medical profession's failure to withstand the political intrusions seeking to impose the present compulsory national insurance scheme. From that fatal turning-point the whole emphasis became centred on ever more spectacular and expensive attempts to *control* the symptoms of disease, culminating in the sealed doors and the walls three feet thick of remote control radiation treatment.

In medicine, as in other fields, man's attempted "conquest of Nature" is a terrifyingly one-sided contest against an opponent who can afford to wait, perhaps for centuries, before revealing visible rejoinder. Sun, moon and stars may fall from their courses before there is any hope of winning it. *As is becoming evident, disquieting thoughts are occurring on an appreciable scale*

in that key profession struggling convulsively to escape the tyranny of its own self-inflicted neurosis. But to the fallen victims of the "They tried everything" technique these things no longer matter. The whole process of evolution has for the individual a personal culmination. The moment he disappears under the great wheel which obliterates every creature foolish or unfortunate enough to be cast beneath it, everything is at an end.

ROY BRIDGER

THE INTERNATIONAL CHARACTER OF LAW

Prime Minister Nehru and the Attorney-General, Shri M. C. Setalvad, gave a sound lead to the Asian Legal Consultative Committee which had its inaugural session in Delhi at the end of April. As both have rightly remarked, international law so far has been the product of the European family of nations and coloured by its exigencies. The Asian and African powers have now a new status and the Asian Legal Committee has, therefore, an invaluable part to play at this critical juncture in the world's history. A reorientation to international law is now due. As the Prime Minister declared:—

> International law had developed so far against the background of the old concept of a European family of nations which had, in the last century or two, dominated Asia and Africa. Therefore, it had really not had an international character. Now that many countries of Asia and Africa had become free, that concept of international law needed to be varied or made broader.

It is a sad commentary on the present situation of international morality that concepts like the "Holy Alliance" of mediæval Europe should raise their ugly heads, running counter to the concept of internationalism as embodied in the United Nations Charter. There is need, therefore, to regulate international relations for resolving conflicts between states. Shri Setalvad explained what the Prime Minister referred to:—

> The classical doctrine of State sovereignty had resulted in a great deal of misunderstanding. For a number of years since the World War there had been a tendency on the part of jurists to advocate limitation of sovereignty in order to promote international co-operation. This assumption, however, overlooked the fact that a State which took upon itself the obligations of an international character did so voluntarily and in so doing acted in the exercise of its sovereignty. There were also several matters on which the practice of the States was not uniform such as the question of the recognition of States and Governments.

Referring to the International Law Commission of 1946, Shri Setalvad emphasized that its work could prove useful only if it took into consideration the points of view of different nations. Experience has shown that there are accepted rules of international duty which have put some restraint on the pursuit of purely national self-interest. All man-made legal codes are often ingeniously circumvented. No law can be a substitute for morality. War and peace are not so much legal problems as moral ones, and the only effective solution to the world's ills can, therefore, be found in international morality.

WEST INDIANS IN BRITAIN

[**Dr. Kenneth L. Little** is head of the Department of Social Anthropology of the University of Edinburgh. He is the author of *The Mende of Sierra Leone* and *Negroes in Britain* and has written an informative pamphlet, *Behind the Colour Bar*. Our readers will remember his article in our pages, "White and Negro Relations in the Modern World." In this contribution he gives some useful information about a new problem which the British administration is facing and solving.—ED.]

Negroes were kept as slaves, as well as household servants, in Britain during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and many of them were not emancipated until the historic judgment of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield in 1772. The modern population of coloured people, however, is of much more recent origin. It dates from World War I, when numbers of Africans and West Indians served in the merchant navy, were recruited for the army or worked in British munition factories. When the war was over, many of these men stayed on in the United Kingdom and settled in the dockland areas of Liverpool, Cardiff, London and other sea-port cities with English women as their wives or consorts.

The present-day West Indian community, with which I am specifically concerned, represents a still later immigration. This was stimulated by the post-World-War-II expansion of British industry, which coincided with the closing down of traditional channels of West Indian immigration into the United States through the passing of the McCarran Act. Given, also, chronic underemployment in Jamaica, the largest West Indian island, what was previously a trickle has grown into a stream, fed by travel agents and chartered airplanes and steamships. The result is that some 80,000 former inhabitants of the Caribbean are today living in Britain; and, of these, considerably more than half have arrived in the past two years. Some 26,000, including some 9,000 women and some 900 children, came over in 1956. The main flow seems to be to the cities of the Midlands where there is the attraction of work in light industries, including the manufacture of motor cars. According to *The Times*, October 23rd, 1956, Birmingham, the largest city in that area, houses some 20,000 West Indians; but London, where many of these immigrants make their first stop, has some 15,000. Other West Indian communities in 1955 were Manchester, 2,000; Nottingham, 2,000; Leeds, 1,250; Liverpool, 1,000; and Sheffield, 1,000.

Accustomed to an entirely different climate, a somewhat different way of life and a lower standard of living, these people have no easy task in adjusting to British conditions. Many of them settle down

fairly happily; a smaller number find things, largely the cold weather, quite intolerable, and manage by hook or by crook to raise their return passage home. The main difficulties to be overcome are accommodation, employment and social—in that order of importance. Largely as a result of the German bombardment, adequate housing is still a general problem in Britain, particularly in the industrial areas, and there is a keen demand for available space. This means that there is already a good deal of friction and frustration over such domestic matters among English people themselves, quite apart from any question of prejudice against a coloured and apparently alien group. The fact, however, that these West Indian newcomers are of a darker complexion than the local inhabitants undoubtedly exacerbates the situation and leads to the belief that, for every coloured person who finds a lodging, one native must have been displaced. The actual position is, of course, somewhat different. In effect, the coloured people concerned often find shelter only by living one family or more to a room in houses which previously accommodated an English family per floor. For example, a recent survey of the living conditions of some 800 coloured immigrants in West Bromwich revealed that half were living two to a room, and on an average eleven to a house —that is, three times more crowded than the average for the borough.

Alternatively, the West Indian may be forced for want of better accommodation into property that is ripe for demolition. Such places are not necessarily cheaper than more salubrious quarters, because of the rents charged to cover the heavy mortgage and repair costs involved. Equally serious in its implications is the likelihood of property sinking in value if occupied by a coloured tenant. Only an extremely altruistic owner of house property is likely in such circumstances to encourage the movement of coloured people into his district, particularly if it is a "good" residential area. This fact is sufficient in itself to explain the existence of restricted clauses in leasing and the consequent segregation of the coloured population within certain limited sections of the town. The latter tendency, however, has been offset to some extent by the institution of a number of independent housing associations, which assist immigrant families to buy their own houses. This kind of association has had some success in Birmingham, Nottingham, Bath, Sheffield and Derby; and similar action is being considered in other cities with a West Indian population.

Nearly every West Indian has come to Britain in the hope of bettering himself economically. He has been spurred on in many cases by greatly exaggerated accounts of easy money and large wages—the old tale of the streets of London

being paved with gold! His actual prospects are, of course, much more dubious, despite an undoubted shortage of industrial manpower. What varies is the attitude of individual employers and the extent to which the immigrant is able to secure the more remunerative kind of employment that he came over for. Certain firms, which have had coloured workers for many years, are eager for more; and there are reports of factories in Birmingham having as much as 25 per cent of their labouring force coloured. Some employers, on the other hand, refuse to engage a coloured man on the grounds that their staff will go on strike; others complain that the coloured worker does not stick at the job, or is unwilling to do manual work. The rights and wrongs of this particular matter are difficult to unravel. What, however, is certainly evident is that many West Indians who did technical and skilled work as fitters, joiners, mechanics, painters and electricians at home are only able to find labouring jobs in Britain. This may be due to colonial standards of skill being lower than British requirements.

The general impression, therefore, is that West Indians have not so far secured either an impressive position or a firm footing in the British economy. It is probably the case that of coloured workers in general, those in the more skilled categories are predominantly West Indians, but of these the majority are in less skilled occupations, as bus conductors, railway porters and firemen, or form part of the unskilled labour force in iron foundries, brickyards, cement works, etc. Moreover, the signs are that this lowly place in the industrial hierarchy is precarious, and that the old story of the Negro "being the last to be hired, and the first to be fired" is likely to be repeated. There has so far been no "hard core" of unemployed coloured workers, but recent changes in the employment situation have already resulted in a disproportionate amount of coloured unemployment. For example, as a result of recent redundancy in the Midlands, there are now some 1,000 West Indians out of work out of a working population of some 17,000. As a rate of unemployment this is about three times as high as the general average of the area. Redundancy has fallen most heavily upon the unskilled and semi-skilled classes. As West Indians become more anxious and disillusioned, suspicion seems to have grown stronger among the white workers, who see unemployment as the only means of forcing home the coloured men; and there are many white workers in Birmingham, it appears, who have always regarded the presence of coloured workers simply as a short-term solution to a large temporary labour shortage. Now that the position is altering, employers themselves are said to be telling the West Indians: "You must go; jobs for English workers first."

This is not to suggest that the English working man's attitude is generally antipathetic. On the contrary, as West Indians themselves have pointed out, relations at work are often good; better, in fact, than off-the-job personal contacts. There are reports of English girls and West Indians working happily together in British Railway canteens and refreshment rooms, and the official attitude of the British trade-union movement is encouraging to racial amity. It has strongly condemned colour prejudice on a number of occasions, such as local attempts to resist or limit the employment of West Indians as bus conductors; and labour spokesmen in general have consistently emphasized the solidarity of working-class people as a whole. The unions themselves have passed anti-discrimination resolutions at their meetings and Actors Equity of Britain, for example, have asked their members not to work in any theatre where "any form of colour bar is in existence."

It is also the case that, apart from competition for jobs, there is relatively little friction between West Indians and the wider community. Although these coloured immigrants are not, perhaps, particularly welcome to the ordinary British person, he is at least prepared to tolerate them, especially if they do not get in his way. Many West Indians seem to be aware of this attitude and make a deliberate attempt to accommodate themselves to it, largely by remaining together as a group rather than seeking to penetrate into white society. For example, West Indian men quite frequently prefer to send for a wife from home rather than provoke incidents by approaching local girls, and the possibility of tension in this respect is mitigated, also, by the presence of fairly substantial numbers of immigrant women. By keeping to his own community, the West Indian is also spared the necessity of making any immediate change in his accustomed social life, which is much less ceremonious and more convivial than that of many of his English neighbours. A house tenanted by immigrants is likely to be crowded with clusters of lively, youngish individuals of both sexes, usually paired off somewhat impermanently. Doors are usually left open, and there are many casual visitors, including extra unnotified lodgers each time an immigrant ship comes in. There is a good deal of loud laughter and talk, and every wireless or gramophone is playing at full strength. Strong smells of codfish, pork, red peppers, yams, and rice frying in coconut oil come from the stoves on each landing. The individual rooms are usually spotless, but unless the landlord is particularly punctilious, the stairs, shared kitchen and sanitary facilities tend to be rather the reverse. This is probably because at home most rural and many urban West Indians live in quarters which lack such facilities, whilst in Britain both men and women spend most of

their waking time at work.[1]

It should not be assumed, however, that West Indians are completely lacking in white friends and acquaintances. In virtually every area of coloured settlement, local churches, community associations and other voluntary bodies have frequently made a good deal of effort to get in touch with the newcomers and to draw them into their own activities. In a good many instances, too, new associations and organizations of an inter-racial kind have been started, sometimes at the instigation of an educated West Indian, or African, in the area. These groups aim at providing club and recreational facilities for local residents of both races. They also offer evening classes in some cases. The middle-class West Indian person, incidentally, has much less difficulty in assimilating to British conditions, partly because he is not regarded as part of the immigrant stream. The fact, also, that he is generally quite light in colour, and follows an occupation and a way of life similar to those of British people of the same social class, means that he is often quite acceptable as a husband from the point of view of an English family.

The latter cultural considerations are as significant, perhaps, as any others, so far as the future position of this West Indian population is concerned. The lower standard of living and inferior education, as well as the darker complexion, of the present generation of immigrants are likely to isolate them as a community. However, there is also the possibility that many of their sons and daughters, who are now attending school and growing up alongside English children, will find a much readier place in the main stream of British life.

KENNETH LITTLE

Sweet is the breath of vernal showers,
The bee's collected treasures sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet
The still small voice of gratitude.

—GRAY

[1] From a communication by Mrs. Sheila Patterson, Department of Social Anthropology, Edinburgh University.

GRATITUDE

[Pilgrimages to Kashi, Jerusalem, Mecca, are considered a purificatory rite. The *Tirthika* and the *Haji* bask in a feeling of redemption. Man's mind indulging in illusion slays the real. Those who spend time, money and energy to visit holy places to absolve themselves from sin are imputing value to mere symbols without touching the reality they represent. Gratitude has been well called the memory of the heart, also the music of the heart; our **Pilgrim**, having journeyed to the holy land of Paramitas, Divine Virtues, offers some thoughts which are of more than passing interest to those who enquire about self-improvement and aspire to practise the art of disciplined development.—ED.]

A thankful heart is not only the greatest virtue, but the parent of all the other virtues.

—CICERO

We can be thankful to a friend for a few acres or a little money; and yet for the freedom and command of the whole earth, and for the great benefits of our being, our life, health, and reason, we look upon ourselves as under no obligation.

—SENECA

I hate ingratitude more in man
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

—SHAKESPEARE

Gratitude is a virtue most extolled and yet most departed from. In Occultism its lack is counted not merely a defect, but a crime. The Master-Custodians of the Secret Wisdom have declared that ingratitude is not one of Their vices.

Gratitude or devotion—the one cannot be conceived of without the other—is an emotion innate in the heart of each human being. It is a child's first instinctive feeling for its mother and nurse; the first and foremost motor in man's nature. As the child grows—and if it is a normal and sound growth—gratitude to others should become as habitual as the reception of benefits is constant. But, although every normal person recognizes it to be a moral requisite, its wider significance and deeper import is often overlooked.

The dictionary defines "gratitude" as "recognition of benefits received"; "appreciation of the kindness of a benefactor and inclination to return it." Recognition and appreciation call for the interplay of heart and mind. Gratitude is not only the memory but the homage of the heart. Why need there be thankfulness upon receiving what we consider to be our "due"? Does not the answer lie in the fact that nothing can come of itself? Life is ever sustained on the principles of unity and interdependence. Life is, or should be, a constant exchange of benefits. Without wide-spread co-

operation and brotherly assistance from all directions and from many remote places we could hardly live! Are not all those who serve us in one way or another entitled to a recognition and appreciation of "benefits received"?

It is customary among some people to say grace at meals; but most of us rarely feel gratitude for the many other blessings of life. In his essay "Grace Before Meat" Charles Lamb wrote with characteristic humour:—

It is not...easy to be understood, why the blessing of food—the act of eating—should have had a particular expression of thanksgiving annexed to it, distinct from that implied and silent gratitude with which we are expected to enter upon the enjoyment of the many other various gifts and good things of existence.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moon-light ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?...

Gratitude should find expression in three directions: towards those above us, towards those below us, and towards our equals.

Above us are our Elder Brothers, those Great and Peaceful Ones, those Super-Men infinitely superior to us in wisdom, peace and power, who ever strive to alleviate the sum of human misery. They "live regenerating the world like the coming of spring." Having Themselves crossed the ocean of embodied existence, They help us deluded mortals, out of boundless pity and compassion that seeks no return, to cross it. Is not silent gratitude the least thing we can do for Them? What better expression of gratefulness can there be towards a Buddha, a Christ, a Krishna—to name but a few of Those who have come out in the public world and whose life and teachings have uplifted the level of consciousness of millions upon millions all through the ages—than energizing ourselves to live up to Their message and passing on to those who know still less than we do the Gift of Knowledge? What can be a better "outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace" than our effort to live to benefit mankind?

Then below us are our younger brothers, beings in need of help and support—not only human beings, but all the kingdoms below the human from whom we receive benefits and whom we ought to help in return by becoming co-workers with Nature. The life-giving sun and the beneficent rain, the productive earth and the invigorating air, are all gifts which Nature like a true Mother bestows on us. Bountiful Nature has much more to give, which is ours for the taking. If we had but eyes to see and ears to hear we

would find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything." Fruits and vegetables give sustenance to the body; flowers and trees bring joy and beauty into life with colour and perfume and shade. The animal kingdom too has its usefulness to man. Surely sincere gratitude is due for everything used and enjoyed! So the *Gita* enjoins that there be mutual nourishing between man and the "gods" who minister to his needs, stating: "He who enjoyeth what hath been given unto him by them, and offereth not a portion unto them, is even as a thief." Instead of helping Nature and working on with her, man in his ingratitude exploits and robs her and breaks her laws. Have we any cause for complaint when Nature rebels and earthquakes, floods, famines, droughts, diseases and the like visit the people of the earth?

Among our equals, our brothers of the human family, many, many serve us in the manifold walks of life and are entitled to all the help and guidance we can give them. The countless human agencies involved in providing for us the necessities and comforts of life, all those who have helped us grow in body and mind, the generations of men who have gone before us and have left us a legacy of knowledge and skills of various kinds and whose accumulated experience we are availing ourselves of today—all these should evoke our gratitude, gratitude for being able to give as well as to receive. But the weed of ingratitude, the outcome of the seeds of envy, egotism, pride and covetousness, takes root in many a human heart, and instead of striving to repay our fellow brothers for the benefits received from them, far too often we try to grab as many of the good things of life as we can for ourselves, depriving others of their rightful due. If all human hearts were grateful hearts, would we have competition and rivalry, strifes and bloodshed, in the family of man? Would people be plundered and exploited on all sides, often by appeal to their nobler traits, not only in the sphere of commerce and industry, but also in the name of religion or of science, of patriotism and what not?

Let us reflect on the fact that we can claim nothing as "our own." There is not a thing we use or enjoy but is a gift. Our bodies are gifts; our minds too are gifts. Life itself is a gift. He who receives gifts and offers nothing in return has aptly been called "creation's blot, creation's blank." Life often brings us seeming misfortune or affliction, but let us be thankful even for this, for it offers us opportunity for building stamina and strengthening virtue, and serves to brighten all our future days. To have a heart replete with thankfulness is to be both good and happy; for such an one, life is ever a contest of smiles.

PILGRIM

THE RISE OF THE ORATORIO

[**Miss Irene Gass,** a Licentiate of the Royal Academy of Music, a lyric writer and the author of a history of music, has contributed to our pages more than one interesting article with a bearing on the field of music. She traces here the history of the oratorio from 1600 to the present day.—Ed.]

The term "oratorio," since it was used to describe what is generally accepted as the first oratorio, performed in Rome in the year 1600, has "played many parts."

Certain miscellaneous concert programmes, given in London during Lent in the late eighteenth century, were called by this name, as were also sacred compositions consisting of a single item.

Haydn called his *Seasons* an oratorio (though one is tempted to wonder why!) and, finally, many secular works containing solos, choruses and orchestral features have from time to time been thus described—for the simple reason that they were not intended for the stage, and so could not be called "operas."

Nowadays the term is taken to mean a setting of a religious libretto, for chorus, orchestra and (vocal) soloists, for either church or concert performance, and so, obviously, without acting, scenery or costumes.

Also, such works as a Mass, a "Passion," a setting of the *Stabat Mater* or *The Seven Last Words* might be included under this heading, and will be considered here.

The first oratorio, *La Rappresentazione dell' anima e del corpo* (*The Representation of Soul and Body*), was composed by Emilio di Cavalieri —though probably he never saw its first presentation, for he died in 1600, and it may well have been before this event took place. And, though he "made history" with this work, someone else—a priest in Rome called Philip Neri—had paved the way for its production.

This priest, later canonized and now known as St. Philip Neri, began, in the year 1556, to attract many young people in Rome to his popular services, where were acted excerpts from the Mystery and Miracle Plays and the Moralities, with addresses introduced between the acts. He also included in the programme some of the *Laudi Spirituali,* devotional songs, the poems being in Italian, composed for the Laudisti (a singing Brotherhood of Florence at the end of the thirteenth century).

Neri held his services, not in a church, but in an oratory; and in due course founded an order of priests called the "Congregation of the Oratory," becoming its Superior. Another name for the order was Oratorians.

When some years had passed Philip Neri rebuilt the church of Santa Maria in Vallicella, and this

became the headquarters of the order.

The oratorio form is usually considered to have originated in this church, five years after the death of St. Philip, which took place in 1595.

* * *

While Neri had been holding his services in Rome a select circle had been meeting in Florence, in the palace of one of their number, Count Bardi—their purpose being to revive the Greek presentation of drama.

In the course of their research they stumbled upon *recitative*—and decided that henceforward actors should recite their parts in a species of singsong, in which fixed rhythm had given place to a kind of imitation of the speaking voice. This reciting was to be accompanied by chords from a keyboard or other instrument(s).

Here then was a new art, and the beginning of opera. The very early operas were practically all recitative.

Cavalieri had belonged to this aristocratic group, so that it was not surprising that his oratorio *Soul and Body* differed very little in "layout" from the first opera (produced in 1600) by Peri, another member of the "Florentine Academy"—except in the matter of the theme, which was a religious one, whereas Peri's opera had for its subject the story of Eurydice.

The Representation of Soul and Body, described by some as a Mystery Play set to music, differing mainly from other Mystery Plays in making no use of the speaking voice, certainly stemmed from the ancient Mysteries and Moralities; its characters are Time, Life, World, Pleasure, Intellect, Soul and Body. It was to be given with costumes and scenery, and an orchestra (hidden). Directions were given for a dance, which was optional.

Many composers tried to follow in Cavalieri's footsteps, and a few had some success; but it is not till the middle of the seventeenth century that we come to the name of a giant in the history of the oratorio in Italy: Giacomo Carissimi (1604-1674). He is remembered as having introduced more variety into the oratorio and cantata, and for having brought the recitative to a state of perfection. His recitatives in *Jephtha,* one of five oratorios that he wrote, and which is still to be heard, have rarely been equalled.

The original text of *Jephtha* is in Latin: it is taken partly from the Scriptures, but there are lyrical rhyming portions for solos and chorus. An interesting point, and one which seems to bring it into touch with modern usage, is the presence of the connecting link, which exists in the declamation of "Historicus" analogous to the Narrator of play and opera in radio programmes, and in a Bach "Passion." In general style *Jephtha* resembles the latter.

Glancing quickly at the next two

names, we might feel for the moment that we had strayed into the wrong fold; for they are the names of Alessandro Scarlatti, the famous pupil of Carissimi, and of Metastasio.

Scarlatti (1659-1725) was a great opera composer and also the founder of the Neapolitan School of Opera; while Metastasio (1698–1782) was a famous opera librettist, his "books" having been repeatedly set by Italian (and other) composers. But one has only to remember how slight was the difference between opera and oratorio in the early days to realize that it would be as easy for Scarlatti to compose the one as the other, always provided that he had a libretto with a sacred theme.

Metastasio wrote eight or nine oratorio libretti, and these did duty over and over again.

Alessandro Scarlatti composed many oratorios, one of which had for its subject the life of St. Philip Neri, the founder of the oratorio.

But before very long even the difference between sacred and secular libretti began to be ignored, and the oratorio showed signs of degenerating into mere entertainment.

Yet the nineteenth century was coming to an end when Dom Lorenzo Perosi, musical director of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, made a determined attempt to restore the dignity of the oratorio form by composing a series of oratorios himself. He only partially succeeded in his aim, for he combined in his writings elements which did not "fuse"—these being suggestions of plain song, of the Palestrina school and of contemporary taste. Nevertheless, his oratorios aroused considerable interest in Italy, England and elsewhere.

In Germany, more than three hundred years before Perosi's works appeared, there had been born a composer named Heinrich Schütz, who was to live to the ripe age of eighty-seven.

Schütz anticipated Johann Sebastian Bach (born just a hundred years after himself) in his settings of the Passion, which are possessed nevertheless of a very high individual quality, and stand out as the work of a composer worthy of respect. Having had contact with musicians in Italy, he was an adept at the new *recitative*, though giving it his own special "twist" by introducing the plain-song style. This is to be found in his oratorio *The Story of the happy and triumphant Resurrection of our only Redeemer and Saviour, Jesus Christ*, which was finished in 1623. In this work, unlike his "Passions"—which probably had only some organ accompaniment—there are instrumental accompaniments of strings and organ. The part of the "Evangelist" (acting as a Narrator) is always accompanied by four bass viols (viola da gamba).

"Passion" music reached its

peak with the great Bach, particularly in the "St. Matthew Passion," which is universally acclaimed as the finest music of its kind ever written, as it is the one most performed.

There is a Narrator (a tenor); and the words of Jesus are always accompanied by strings alone, thus setting them apart from those uttered by anyone else. Chorales are introduced—though whether they are intended to be sung, or merely listened to, by the congregation has remained a query. Probably the former, since even the most ardent listeners would get "pins and needles" if required to sit in the same position for several hours on end; and the opportunity to stretch their legs and at the same time join in general singing as an outlet for their very real emotions would afford a twofold relief.

If it is true that Mendelssohn, by the matter of a few moments only, saved the manuscript of this stupendous work, long treasured by the composer's wife, from being used as wrapping paper in a butcher's shop, then how very near was the world to losing a composition of unrivalled quality, considered from what angle you will! The story seems almost incredible; yet it was certainly nearly a hundred years after Bach's death that the "St. Matthew Passion" was first performed.

Bach's "Passions," the monumental B minor Mass, The Christmas Oratorio—all have been described as oratorios; actually the only one bearing that description in its title, "The Christmas Oratorio," was a sequence of six separate cantatas for performance in Leipzig on six days from Christmas to Epiphany.

The great composer's son, Karl Philip Emanuel Bach, wrote two "Passions," a Passion Cantata, and two oratorios. Of one of the latter, *The Israelites in the Wilderness,* Sir Henry Hadow, commending its quality, notes the resemblance to Mendelssohn's *Elijah*—for which it had served no doubt, to some extent, as a model.

Though Mendelssohn's works, *St. Paul* and *The Hymn of Praise,* were originally heard in Germany, *Elijah* was first performed at the Birmingham Festival in 1846. It was at one time occasionally given with scenery, costumes and acting, having been found to be suited to such treatment. It has a strong dramatic element, which has nothing to do with staging, however, and still persists, though the priests of Baal may be wearing dinner jackets and the Widow of Nain an evening dress. The choral writing of *Elijah* is particularly felicitous.

Haydn's oratorio, *The Creation,* was a masterpiece in this field; Beethoven wrote one oratorio, *Christ on the Mount of Olives,* which he himself in after years declared to be too operatic; Spohr's creatorios, at one time popular, have now—with the exception of *The Last Judgment*—disappeared into the

limbo.

The first oratorio in England, *Esther,* began life as a masque—the "masque" of *Haman and Mordecai,* by the German-born Handel. It was performed at first with stage equipment; but ultimately it was decided that it should be given in the concert manner. So *Esther* may be looked upon as the eldest child of a long family of Handel's oratorios, marking the birth of the *concert oratorio.*

Handel's sacred works, which were not devotional in the sense that Bach's were, had a special and twofold appeal for the English audiences, who loved the stories they read in their Bibles and also loved fine choral singing.

Among Handel's oratorios there are two which would probably be unanimously acclaimed as entitled to first places: *Israel in Egypt,* with its splendid double choruses, and *The Messiah,* displaying religious feeling. Though the oratorio appeared in England somewhat late in the day, once launched, it became more popular here than in any other country.

With the inevitable swing of the pendulum, however, there arrived a period when there was nothing very worth while in the way of new works, until such men as Parry, Stanford and Mackenzie improved the standard; still more may this be said of Sir Edward Elgar, whose musical setting of Newman's *Dream of Gerontius* (1900) surpassed anything of the kind that had been written for one hundred and fifty years.

The "Dream" showed Elgar to be a composer of a strongly mystical turn of mind, and possessed of a moving and consoling power. Few oratorios have been composed since the early years of this century. Is the form extinct? Or awaiting a revival?

IRENE GASS

BUDDHISM IN GERMANY

In an article in the January 1957 issue of *The Indo-Asian Culture,* Herr Walter Leifer, of the Cultural Section of the Embassy of the Federal Republic of Germany, traces the influence of the Buddha and his teachings on life in Germany. In the thirteenth century a story was current in Germany about an Indian prince bearing a remote resemblance to Gautama Buddha. From Arthur Schopenhauer down to modern times many philosophers and writers in Germany have actually embraced Buddhism or shown the remarkable influence of Buddhist thought in their writings. Societies and organizations for propagating Buddhist ideals were founded in Germany. Such activities received a setback during the two World Wars, but were revived during peaceful times. Buddhist *ashramas* have been founded in Germany itself. This has not only strengthened the Buddhist cause but also contributed to the richness of its culture.

R. J.

A GREAT LATIN-AMERICAN POET: GABRIELA MISTRAL

[A deep religious fervour upsurged in the heart of a woman who found herself environed by a tragic Nemesis, and a poet was born. She was Gabriela Mistral, to whose poetry the reader is introduced by **Senora Mireya Lara-Carrasco** and **Shrimati Lila Ray**. The short note gives us a few biographical data. Sure that our readers will appreciate the views of Chile's Nobel Laureate who was a lover of India, we cull from an old article in THE ARYAN PATH for February 1947 some thoughts expressed by Gabriela Mistral about India, her own religious convictions, and her pure patriotism. When the news from Stockholm reached her of the Nobel Award for Literature in 1945, she said:—

It is the New World that has been honoured through me. It is not my victory but America's.

On the subject of contraceptives her views are clear and unequivocal:—

I am easily misunderstood on this question. I love children and, contrary to popular impression, it is not the mother that protects the child, but it is the child who protects the mother. I am, of course, against diseased and insane parents having children. But I am against birth-control in the modern sense of the term. Birth-control is no answer to poverty. Fewer children do not mean less poverty. I have seen poverty in Chile, all over Latin America, in Spain and Europe, but somehow I don't feel that birth-control is the answer to this human misery. Here I am in agreement with Mr. Gandhi, if I understand his position correctly.

About Gandhiji she said:—

Any personal knowledge which I possess about Gandhi and India has been obtained from Doña Victoria Ocampo, the editor and publisher of the well-known review *Sur*. She is a great woman and an important writer. She expresses feelings of profound veneration for Gandhi, which I completely share.

We get a glimpse into her religious biography in the following:—

Early in life I was drawn towards Buddhism and that was my introduction to India. I was for many years a Buddhist, even worshipping in an Oriental way. Though I am now a Catholic, in the broadest sense of the term, I still feel close to the Buddhist way of life.

My personal religious life has been largely influenced by the teachings of Buddha, Christ, St. Francis of Assisi, and Aurobindo. While Tagore's poetry awakened the latent muse in me in the midst of great personal sorrow, another Indian—Aurobindo—brought me to religion. It may sound quaint that a non-Christian Indian should have opened the way to my religious consecration, but Aurobindo did.

I am against conversion to Christianity, or for that matter, to any other religion; I mean formal conversion. In the sense of formal and external conversion I am against the Western missionaries' work in India and Asia. People who have to embrace another faith formally will be false to real conversion from within. And real conversion of the heart does not need a formal label. Inward spirituality should defy the label of religious affiliations. Of course, I am Catholic, and when I say this I mean only in the spiritual sense. As you know, there are different kinds of Catholics all over the world. Even Franco is a Catholic, but my Catholicism does not permit me to endorse him or his government. I have visited Spain several times, but I am against Franco.

And her literary development?

When I was a girl I devoured all of Tagore's writings. I have openly acknowledged in my works the great debt I owe to Tagore and the immense influence his writings had on me. When I met Tagore in the United States I felt I was before one of the most extraordinary beings of an epoch, and one of the great spiritual leaders of the world. My own poetry has been considerably influenced by Tagore. In fact, I am often referred to in my country as the Hispanic Tagore.

—Ed.]

Lucila Godoy Alcayaga was born in the north of Chili, at Vicuna in the beautiful valley of Elqui. The pines, mountains and rivers among which she grew to womanhood summoned her from a tender age to the vocation of a poet. Her great love and deep feeling for nature were the link with Frédéric Mistral, the Provençal poet, which led her to take his name as her *non de plume*.

The shadow of tragedy lay over the poet's childhood. Her father abandoned his family, giving himself up to drink and women. She was devoted to her mother, and their relationship was deep and fond. Her own favourite poem, she told a friend not long before her death, is the poem to her mother, the first in her second volume of poems, *Lagar* (The Treader of Grapes). Some of her finest poetry was, however, evoked by the tragic death of her fiancé, who committed suicide: "*El Ruego*" (The Supplication), "*Volverlo A Ver*" (Return), and "*Interrogaciónes*" (Interrogations). For her *Sonetos a la Muerte* (Sonnets to Death), she received the Juegos Florales Prize of Santiago, Chili. This was the beginning of her literary fame. She was about twenty-eight years old, a teacher in a little country school. In *La Oración de la Maestra* (A Teacher's Prayer) we see her in this role. She thought of herself as a humble village teacher to the last.

Gabriela never married. Out of the night of her desolation she wrung a spiritual greatness, a humanity and nobility of purpose which transfigured her own life and worked as a leaven in the world of Latin-American letters. Professionally she gave herself wholly to her mission as a teacher of children. It is to children that her sweetest poems are addressed, "*Rondas de Niños*" (The Children's Dance), "*Oberito*" (The Child Worker), "*Doña Primavera*" (Lady Spring), "*Caricia*" (The Caress) and so on.

The first and best-known of her two principal books, *Desolación* (Desolation), was published in 1922, and it was in 1922 that she went abroad for the first time, visiting Mexico at the invitation of José Vasconcelos, then Minister of Education. Her success was so great that her Government, on her return, appointed her to consular posts in some of the chief cities of the world, Madrid, Oporto, Nice, Rome, Rio de Janeiro. Everywhere her gifts created openings for her through which she was able

to transmit, in her poetry and by her example, the purest spiritual values of the new continent. For she was ambassadress of a Latin-America free from the domination of classic influences and at the same time the guardian of the most noble traditions of the Old World. And no writer has better preserved the purity of the old Castilian language. In the typical Latin-American way Gabriela Mistral loves richness of diction, but she never sacrifices either the sincerity or force of poetic expression. When, in 1945, she received the Nobel Prize, the award was generally acclaimed; for hers is the least controversial figure in the world of Latin-American letters.

She died of cancer early in January 1957, in the Hampstead Hospital, near New York, on the day of the Epiphany. In an article in *El Mundo Puerto Rico,* the famous Latin-American writer, German Arciniegas, describes her last days movingly. Always fanciful, she became more and more subject to her imaginings. Once when he went to visit her she greeted him with the question, "Have you seen that man? He has been walking around and around the house for a week now, talking about Spain, Mexico, California, Brazil, France and also my own Chile." She was small and shrunken, weighing scarcely ninety pounds, and lay among the pillows like the flame of a lamp. Doris, the devoted friend who was as a daughter to her and in whose company she found comfort during her last years, cared for her faithfully. When the doctors told Doris, eight days before the end, that the diagnosis was cancer, she tried to dissemble, entering the room with her usual gaiety. No words were necessary. Gabriela knew.

During her last days, Señor Arciniegas writes, Gabriela resembled the poet of her first, her melancholy and tragic, period more than the gay and active woman of her middle years. Most marked of all her qualities, the one which will be remembered longest by her friends, was her utter simplicity and lack of pretension. Her interest in and concern for international justice was as constant and keen as her awareness of social problems. She laboured tirelessly for peace, and her speech at the last public function she attended was an appeal for it. "The sweetness of her voice," writes Pedro Prado in his Preface to *Desolación,* "is unknown to no one. One seems always to have heard it somewhere before. One turns to her smiling, as to a friend."

MIREYA LARA-CARRASCO and LILA RAY

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

Señor! You are the Teacher. Forgive me for teaching also, for taking the name of teacher, of Master, the name you bore on earth.

Grant me single-hearted devotion to my school, a devotion so complete that even the blazing of beauty will not rob it of my tenderness at any time.

Master, grant that my ardour may be lasting and my disenchantment transitory. Pluck out of me the impure desire for justice which perturbs me, the petty insinuating protest which rises within me when they hurt me.

Grant that others' lack of understanding may not cause me pain.

Grant that I shall not grieve when those I teach forget me.

Grant that I may be more of a mother than the mothers, so that I may love and defend as a mother what is not flesh of my flesh.

Grant that I may be able to form one of my girls into a perfect poem, that I shall be able to bequeath my most poignant melody, fixed fast in her, for the time when my lips shall sing no more.

Reveal your Gospel to me, if possible, in my lifetime, that I may not desert in the battle of each day and each hour to search for it.

Place in my school, which is democratic, the splendour you used to shed upon your group of barefoot children.

Make me strong, even in my helplessness as a woman, in my poverty; let me not esteem any power which is not pure or comes of any passion which is not in accord with your ardent disposition of my life.

Friend! Abide with me! Sustain me! Often I shall not have anyone but you near me! The worldly will leave me as my faith grows clearer and my truth burns more brightly. But you will gather me to your heart, for you know what it is to be lonely and forsaken.

For the sweetness of approbation I shall not seek anywhere but in your eyes.

Grant me simplicity and grant me depth. Set me free from complications and from pretensions in my daily lessons.

The wounds in my breast are eyes; may I lift them up each day as I enter my school.

Let me not bring to my work-table material worries or the small sorrows of the hour.

Make my hand light in punishment and soothing in caress. May I scold with sorrow that I may know how to correct with love.

May I build in spirit my school of bricks! In the warmth of my confidence I shall wrap its poor porch, its bare room. May my heart be a pillar of the school and my hopes golden columns like those in a rich school.

Lastly, Lord, remind me from the pallor of your portrait by Velasquez, that to teach and to love intensely upon earth brings one, on the final day, to the thrust of the lance of Longinus, plunged into a love-inflamed breast.

THE SUPPLICATION

Señor, you know how strongly I beseech you
For those who are strangers to me.
I come now to plead for one who was mine,
The sweet hive of my mouth, the urn of my freshness.

He was the dear reason of my journey,
The marrow of my bones, the music of mine ear,
The girdle of my garment.
I care for those in whom I venture nothing;
Do not frown if I entreat you for this one!

I tell you that he was good; I tell you
He had a heart as open, as whole, as a flower on his breast.
He was soft by nature, candid as the light of day,
A miracle as replete as the spring.

You reply sternly, saying that one who did not
Anoint his fevered lips with prayer
Does not deserve my intercession.
Without waiting for your signal he left one evening,
Splintering his temples like crystal vases.

But I, Señor, shall dispute with you, for I
Touched the flower of his forehead, touched
The whole of his heart, sweet and tormented,
Silky as a new cocoon.

You say that he was cruel? You forget, Señor,
That I loved him. He knew he was hurting a heart
That was wholly his. You say he muddied the clear waters
Of my happiness? It does not matter!
You understand? I loved him! I loved him!

Love, as you know, is stronger than grief;
The eyelids are always wet with tears.
Like the hair shirt of penitents they hide
Eyes alight with ecstasy. Kisses refresh.

The iron which enters has a cool taste
As it opens, like sheaves, the loving flesh.
And you surely remember (O King of the Jews),
The cross can be borne gently
Like the cutting of a rose.

I am here myself, Señor, my face bowed to the dust,
Beseeching you since early dawn! And I shall be here

Every dawn that will come in my life
If you withhold the word I wait for.

I will weary your ears with my petitioning,
With my sobs ; I will lick, like a timid dog,
The hem of your mantle. Your eyes will not be able
To evade me nor your feet to scatter
The hot waters of my weeping.

Grant pardon ! Say it ! At last ! The word will scent
The air more sweetly than a hundred perfume flasks.
As the word emerges from your mouth
Waters will flash with light and fallow land blossom.
The common gravel will glow with splendour.
Wet with emotion will be the dark eyes
Of fierce beasts ; and the mountain you have made
Of stone will weep from beneath its white eyelids.
For all the earth will know you have forgiven !

THE CHILD WORKER

Mother, what a young man you will have
When I grow up !
I will catch you up in my arms
As the wind tosses the wheat !

Shall I build a house for you
As you made diapers for me,
Or shall I smelt metals
That are like eternity ?

Your little boy, your Titan,
Will build you a beautiful house !
What a loving shadow the winged eaves
Will cast on you !

For you I shall water
An orchard and garden.
I shall fill your skirt
With fruits, honey and softness.

Better still, I shall weave a tapestry
For you, twisting the thread myself.
Better yet, I shall have a windmill
That sings and makes bread.

Ah! How happily your little man
Will sing in the foundry
Or at the mill wheel
Or in the tackle on the sea!

Count! Count all the windows
These hands will open!
Count! Count all the sheaves
They will hold if you can.

(You taught me to create,
Shaping the reddish clay
And in your songs you gave me
All the valley and all the sea.)

Aye! How beautiful will be
This child of yours who, in play,
Will set you high in a mountain nest
Or in fielded waves of grain!

THE VILLAGE TEACHER

The teacher was pure. She used to say,
"The gentle cultivator of these fields,
Which are the fields of Jesus, should have
Pure eyes and pure hands. He should keep
His oil clear to give clear light."

The teacher was poor. Her kingdom was not of the world.
(In this she was like the sad Sower of Israel.)
She did not wear gay clothes, nor rings on her fingers,
For her soul itself was a costly gem.

The teacher was joyful. Poor injured woman!
Her smile was a way of weeping with kindness.
With it she raised from a torn and dusty sandal
The high flower of holiness.

Sweet being! At her river, a-brim with honey,
She let her sorrows, like tigers, drink for long hours.
The knife that opened her generous heart
Left wider the springs of her love.

O Farmer, whose child learned from her lips
His hymns and prayers! You did not see the great light
Of the captive star that burned in her. You
Passed without leaving a kiss upon her heart.

Peasant woman! Do you remember sometimes
You spoke of her with disrespect, meanly?
A thousand times you looked at her, but you never saw her.
More of her than of you is in the field, your child!

Opening furrows in which to sow the seed of perfection
She pushed her delicate plough gently through him;
The heights of goodness on which he lies like snow,
Are hers. Peasant woman! Will you not ask her pardon?

She was standing like a tree, making a shady place,
Rooted deeply in the soil, in the midst of the forest,
When Death came to invite her to depart.
Unresistingly she yielded herself, in her sleep,
To the Deep-eyed, for she knew her mother was waiting.

In her goodness she slept, cushioned by the moon,
Her head pillowed among the constellations.
The Father sang cradle songs to her
And peace descended long on her heart.

Her spirit was fashioned, like a full ewer,
To shower upon humanity honey and riches.
Her life was the opening, enlarged,
Which the Heavenly Father made,
For His light to shine through.

So it is that from the dust of her bones
Bushes of roses, red as flames, draw nourishment.
The man who looks after the tombs tells me
Feet which walk near her grave are perfumed.

NEW BOOKS AND OLD

A MAKER OF HISTORY*

In these pages last January I concluded an appreciation of Dr. Radhakrishnan's 1954 McGill University lectures on *East and West* by saying "The East has spoken" and asking "Where is the voice in the West that will reply?" The reply, it seems, preceded my question. It was embodied in the Gifford Lectures given by Dr. Arnold Toynbee at Edinburgh University in 1952 and 1953, but only recently published in book form. But whereas Dr. Radhakrishnan is accepted as one of the greatest living spokesmen of the East, Dr. Toynbee's position is, to put it mildly, not characteristic of the Western attitude in world affairs. Anyone whose acquaintance with Dr. Toynbee's lifework is limited to an attentive reading of the leading English reviews of his latest work might not unjustly conclude that Dr. Toynbee is regarded as an erudite renegade who has now taken the irrevocable further step into heresy. Dr. Radhakrishnan would doubtless be the first to agree that this distinguishes Dr. Toynbee as not only a cultural historian but also as a culture-hero in the crisis of our times, in a sense in which heroism is not demanded of a man who utters the same universal truths with the full weight of his own cultural tradition behind him.

From the point of view of Western orthodoxy, the advantage of Dr. Toynbee's monumental *Study of History* was that not too many people will ever read through a learned work in ten volumes, however fascinatingly written (though D. G. Somervell has shortened the odds by producing a masterly two-volume summary of this comparative study of the life cycle of cultures). But the alarm was not really sounded until 1952, when Dr. Toynbee was invited to broadcast the B.B.C. Reith Lectures, and chose as his theme *The World and the West*. The last thing a self-centred and self-righteous culture can bear is to be made to see itself as others see it, and there were angry refusals to recognize the likeness in the mirror Dr. Toynbee held up. These brief Reith Lectures, which have also been published by the Oxford University Press, are the most devastating sermon ever widely preached in the West on the evils of cultural imperialism.

If this negative view of the consequences of forceful collisions between West and East was disturbing, the positive affirmations of the new volume have proved intolerable to the sort of scientific historians whose sense of values has been conditioned almost exclusively by Western traditions. And no wonder. For the work is not a score of pages old before Dr. Toynbee is calmly and conclusively dissolving the ultimate distinction between the great world religions:—

> Thus the difference between the Indian and the Judaic vision of Reality proves, on examination, to be, not a difference in view, but one of emphasis. In both visions, Reality reveals itself in two aspects, as a personal God and as a unitive state of spiritual Being; neither of these aspects is eliminated in either vision; and, whether we are thinking primarily in Indian or primarily in Judaic terms, we cannot think of Reality as being either Brahma-Nirvana or God exclusively. Throughout this inquiry, we shall have to try to think in terms of both the personal and the im-

**An Historian's Approach to Religion: Based on Gifford Lectures Delivered in the University of Edinburgh in the Years 1952 and 1953.* By ARNOLD TOYNBEE. (Geoffrey Cumberlege, Oxford University Press, London. ix+316 pp. 1956. 21s.)

personal aspect of Reality at once.... (p. 17)

However widely the discussion ranges, the main conclusion from that premise can only be, though with a sharper sense of the separation that is still all too real, the same as Dr. Radhakrishnan's. On one of the last pages of his eloquent, lucid and impressive work, Dr. Toynbee declares:—

> Our impulse to pass judgement between the different living religions ought therefore to be restrained by us till the physical "annihilation of distance" has had time to produce the psychological effects that may be expected from it. A time may come when the local heritages of the different historic nations, civilizations, and religions will have coalesced into a common heritage of the whole human family. If that time does come, an effective judgement between the different religions may then at last begin to be possible. We are perhaps within sight of this possibility, but we are certainly not within reach of it yet. (p. 296)

The judgment Dr. Toynbee has in mind, of course, is not between one religion and another. It is the recognition of the most valuable emphases in each, the stabilization of opposites and balances, by which the higher religions can purge one another of the superstitions, accretions and distortions inseparable from the institutionalization and development in history of the highest human insights.

It would be untrue to say that Dr. Toynbee is a prophet without honour in his own country. But his whole position is obviously a radical challenge to the sort of claims to intrinsic superiority made by institutional Christianity for its religion and by the West for its civilization, and to the proselytizing and imperialistic policies which seek justification in such claims. It is therefore not surprising that the government of which Dr. Toynbee was the honoured guest early this year was that of India, when he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the Delhi University.

The East has not been slow to realize that the laws in which Dr. Toynbee is adept are those of spiritual equality between creeds, cultures and races, as against the infernal hierarchy based on differences in material wealth and power. From such insights arises faith in the non-violence of the spiritually strong individual or community and belief in the possibility of creating, and the urgent need to create immediately, a global unity in diversity that has always been the East's highest hope for humanity. It is the Western audience which Dr. Toynbee addresses that most needs to meditate his message. But it is in the East that he will be most universally understood and appreciated. Dr. Toynbee may yet be known to future generations less as a great historian than as one of the great men who helped to make history.

ROY WALKER

The Cultural Heritage of India. Vol. IV: The Religions. Edited by HARIDAS BHATTACHARYA. (The Ramakrishna Mission Institute of Culture, Calcutta. xix+775 pp. Illustrated. 1956. Rs. 35.00)

This volume makes a survey of the religious movements in India from the earliest times to the present day. It is indeed unfortunate that Professor H. D. Bhattacharya, the editor of the present volume, as also of the third volume, entitled "The Philosophies," and Dr. P. C. Bagchi, the well-known authority on Pali, Buddhism and the Tantras, and Dr. I. J. S. Taraporewala, the doyen of Iranian studies, who have contributed chapters to this volume, did not live to see its publication. There is an illuminating introduction by Bharataratna Bhagavan Das, and Dr. S. K. Chatterji has written a valuable preface. Owing to limitations of space, the present reviewer has to satisfy himself with giving a bare outline of contents.

The volume is a mine of information on the religious sects and cults, beliefs and practices, ceremonials and festivals, of India. It is divided into six parts, and contains an article by an eminent authority on each topic.

Opening with an introductory article on the religio-philosophical culture of India by the renowned historian Dr. R. C. Majumdar, the first part, "Religious Sects and Cults," deals with Shaivism, Kashmir Shaivism, and Virashaivism; Vaishnavism, Shri-Vaishnavism, Bhagavatism, the Vaikhanasas, the Caitanya movement and Vaishnavism in Assam; the Shakti and Skanda cults; Tantric culture in four articles; Siddhas and Siddhacaryas; the Natha cult and Yogic schools; and the religion of the Sikh Gurus. In this part the reviewer missed the Saura cult and the Ganapatya cult, as also separate treatment of Jainism.

In the next part, "The Saints and Their Teachings," appear the Shaiva, Vaishnava and Maharashtra saints, mediæval mystics, Shakta saints and Tulasidasa.

"Religion in Practice" forms the third part, covering tribal beliefs, Hindu religious symbolism, rituals of worship, pilgrimages, festivals and fairs, diffusion of socio-religious culture and Indian hymnology.

The fourth part about religions from beyond the borders embraces Zoroastrianism, Christianity, Islam and Sufism, while the Brahmo Samaj, the Arya Samaj and Theosophy figure among "Some Modern Reform Movements," the fifth part. The concluding part deals with Sri Ramakrishna and spiritual renaissance. This brief outline, it is hoped, will arouse the curiosity of those interested in Indian culture, and the reviewer can assure them that the book will prove instructive and stimulating.

The analytical index at the end has enhanced the reference value of the book. There is also a bibliography of important books, which, in future volumes, may be rendered more helpful by including references to important articles. The printing and get-up are in keeping with the high standard of production associated with the publications of the Institute. The book is remarkably free from printing mistakes. We feel no hesitation in strongly commending the book to every Indological library.

A. D. PUSALKER

A Story of Indian Culture. By BAHADUR MAL. (Vishveshvaranand Vedic Research Institute, Hoshiarpur. xvi+ 359 pp. 1956. Rs. 5.00)

This book, the eighteenth of a series dedicated to the memory of Swami Sarvadanand, a scholar-saint of the Panjab, aims at filling in the gaps in our education and gives a brief and well-informed survey of the various phases of Indian culture from the Vedic period down to the present time.

In the first section, "Indian Culture in the Vedic Age," the author concerns himself with its great philosophy and literature and its surprisingly liberal political and economic institutions, and gives glimpses of a casteless society happily aware of the dignity of labour; of satisfying patterns of family life; of vigorous men and women full of zest for living and inspired by moral fervour and lofty ideals.

The book also includes lucid expositions of the Upanishads, the Vedangas, the Samhitas, Buddhism and Jainism, Shaivism and Vaishnavism, as well as a detached and interesting analysis of the causes which led to the transformation of the old Vedic religion into what is now known as Hinduism.

HILLA C. VAKEEL

The Nature of Man According to the Vedanta. By JOHN LEVY. (Routledge and Kegan Paul, Ltd., London. vi+101 pp. 1956. 12*s.* 6*d.*)

With *Hatha Yoga* converted into a parlour game and books on the Vedanta manufactured out of other books on the Vedanta, it is a great relief to come across a book written by a man who has actually sat at the feet of a master and knows what he is writing about. Mr. Levy's book has obviously been written as the outcome of personal experience. Only one authority is quoted in its pages, namely, that of the greatest of all Indian commentators on the Vedanta, Shankaracharya. An alternative title to the book would have been "A Search for the Self," for that is what Mr. Levy sets out to do and brings to a successful end.

Some men identify themselves with their bodies and bodily senses, whilst others identify themselves with their thoughts and their feelings. Mr. Levy shows us that both of these identifications are errors.

> The personal pronoun, whatever sense we may give it, denotes always the immutable self, that single consciousness in which the totality of objective experience seems to occur. *I think* means *I am conscious of thoughts*; *I see or hear* means *I am conscious of visual or auditory perceptions*; and *I am happy* means *I am conscious of a feeling of happiness.*

Mr. Levy has written an extremely able commentary on the Adwaita (non-dualistic) Vedanta and it merits a far longer review than I am allowed to give it. The author leads us step by step along a difficult path, disillusioning us about the many I's we have previously mistaken for ourselves and finally leaving us no alternative other than that of accepting the immutable consciousness within us as the only thing which it is possible to regard as a *Self.*

I have only two criticisms to make of his book. The first is that it might have been an advantage to readers who were already familiar with the teaching of the Vedanta to have had the Sanskrit words appended in brackets; the second is that it seems a pity that so small a book should not have been produced at less than 12*s.* 6*d.*; a pity because *The Nature of Man According to the Vedanta* is a book which readers are likely to want to possess for future reference.

KENNETH WALKER

Vedarthasamgraha of SRI RAMANUJACARYA. Translated by S. S. RAGHAVACHAR. (Ramakrishna Ashrama, Mysore. xiii+192 pp. 1956. Rs. 3.50)

Shankara and Ramanuja are the foremost representatives of two different philosophical traditions in India. Shankara stood on the shoulders of Buddhist philosophers and demonstrated an Upanishadic foundation for his *Mayavada.* But Ramanuja derived support from the equally ancient theistic tradition and pointed out that the Upanishadic texts could lend no support to Shankara's fundamental tenets. He not only wrote new commentaries on the texts, but composed independent treatises to refute the Advaitic line of interpretation. Of these the *Vedarthasamgraha* is the foremost. It is a spirited polemic against Shankara's interpretation of Upanishadic passages and takes its stand on the accepted canons of interpretation in the Vyakarana and Mimamsa systems besides the testimony furnished by theistic teachers. It has been long recognized as the handiest introduction to Vishishtadvaita philosophy and Shri S. S. Raghavachar has done a laudable service by editing the Sanskrit text and adding his very readable English translation.

We congratulate the translator on having achieved "the twin aims of accuracy and intelligibility" in a very large measure. One wonders if the latter

aim has not outweighed the former when we see a word like *vastu* appearing in English now as "existence" (p. 11), now as "entity" (p. 22), now as "Reality" (p. 25) and now as "object" (p. 28). One cannot vouch for the accuracy or happy phrasing of renderings like "greater greatness of Hari" (p. 104) when the original just reads *mahatmyamadhikam Hareh*. The translator has done well in giving a number of simple English sentences instead of the complex ones of the original, and this adds to the intelligibility. He has also given in parentheses the sources of the various quotations and this adds to the work's usefulness. Yet one would wish that detailed notes were provided regarding the views of earlier and later writers of both the schools on the fundamental points at issue. We await with interest the promised companion volume of "detailed introduction." The Foreword by Swami Adidevananda furnishes a very lucid though short introduction to the thought of Ramanuja.

K. KRISHNAMOORTHY

History of Buddhism in Ceylon: The Anuradhapura Period. By WALPOLA RAHULA. (M. D. Gunasena and Co., Ltd., Colombo. xliii+351 pp. 1956 Rs. 15.00)

With the revival of interest in Buddhism during the past few years, it is natural that Ceylon should hold our attention, for it was Ceylon that supplied the major mould in which Theravada Buddhism has survived till our own day. The transmission of this Indian religion to Ceylon and its development there in all its phases form the theme of the present volume, which satisfies a long-felt need.

The author has consulted the Ceylon inscriptions, Pali commentaries and chronicles, works like *Rasavahini* and *Sahassavatthupakarana* and Sinhalese works; and has given a lively, intimate and instructive account of the growth of the Buddha's religion on the soil of Ceylon from the third century B.C., when Mahinda and Sanghamitta carried the message from India, down to the tenth century. This epoch-making period saw Buddhism as a state religion, and in its glory, as well as the internal dissensions and deterioration of the Sangha. The author has considered the pre-Buddhist beliefs and conditions in Ceylon, and traced the history of Ceylon through the years of the development of Buddhism, dwelling at length on the social and religious conditions, both within the order of monks and among the laity, at various periods. The account throughout is full of human interest; the author's humour and sympathy, candour and discretion, have combined to render the accounts of the degeneration of Buddhism into an ecclesiastical dogma, the deplorable rift between *gantha-dhura* and *vipassana-dhura*, the ascendance of scholarship over meditation (pp. 159-161), and the intrigues, jealousies, romances and pettiness of monks (Ch. XI) readable. There are numerous stories, well told and pointed: the tales of the lay followers' devotion to monks (Ch. XV) are touching indeed. The reference to "more precepts and less arahants" (pp. 202-3) is apt and poignant: how true of today also!

This is a tidy little volume, delightfully written, well documented, well got-up and beautifully printed. This is perhaps the best of all the books on Buddhism that appeared last year. The author must soon give us the companion volume bringing the history to our own times: it will doubtless be more interesting and revealing.

S. K. RAMACHANDRA RAO

Treasury of World Literature. Edited by DAGOBERT D. RUNES. (Philosophical Library, New York. 1450 pp. 1956. $15.00)

This enormous book contains selections from about 300 writers—poets, dramatists, fabulists, novelists, essayists—gathered from all over the world. The editor claims, not without justification, that he has given more than "usual" representation to Asian writers, although he is still conscious that it is not "enough." This is doubtless a merit, in view of the title of the book.

On the other hand, a good anthology is marked, not only by fullness of physical comprehension and adequacy of varied representation, but also by a sense of unity in the rich diversity, a harmony in the seeming Babel. Dr. Runes has followed neither the chronological nor a geographical order in presenting the extracts, and has unaccountably preferred the alphabetical arrangement, which has little to recommend it here. Besides, since poetry and prose, fiction and epigram, the first-rate and the mediocre, jostle together almost everywhere—since "co-existence" is carried to such absurd lengths that Æsop follows Æschylus, and is followed by the twentieth-century Japanese writer, Akutagawa; since the alphabetical law teams together Ibsen, Iqbal and Irving, and O'Neill, Oscargi and Ovid, and makes Valmiki, the ancient Indian poet, and Giovanni Verga, the modern Italian novelist, strange bedfellows—one begins to wonder whether it is an instructive anthology or merely a literary "hold-all," a bulky piece of cram.

An anthology that includes prose and verse promiscuously cannot give us that intimate satisfaction that a more homogeneous work can give. Actually, in Dr. Runes's miscellaneous world, we find ourselves passing from two exquisite lyrics by Liu Chi to twelve pages of Jack London; from Marlowe's poetry to Masefield's prose; from fifteen pages of excerpts from Shakespeare to twenty pages of Shaw (a whole story). Nor are the selections themselves always representative of the characteristic best of the writers included. From Dandin the piece chosen is the description of "The Courtesan's Daughter," and, from Dryden, an extract from *The Conquest of Granada*! The pages carry at the top neither the authors' names nor the titles of the pieces, thus making reference difficult; and the prefatory notes are meagre in the extreme.

Nevertheless, the *Treasury* is a sumptuous production, and one can always open it on any page and find something interesting to read. The title, the "blurb" and the bulk excite the reader, raise great expectations and ultimately rather disappoint him in the same way that—on a different plane—the U.N.O. does!

K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

Yuan Mei: Eighteenth Century Chinese Poet. By ARTHUR WALEY (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., London. 227 pp. Frontispiece and Map. 1956. 21*s*.)

There is much to admire in this book, especially perhaps in the attempt to stick close to the original rather than to produce poetry of the highest order. Indeed, it may be admitted that Yuan Mei himself seldom, if ever, attained such heights. Take as an instance the legend of the Peach-blossom Valley, where the inhabitants had long been living in happy simplicity. But his uncle only greeted him at Kuei-lin with the depressing words, "You ought not to have come." His uncle's employer, however, warmly recommended the budding poet to the Court, and later Yuan Mei sent him this message in verse:—

To the Palace a thousand miles away you addressed a laudatory statement;

When seated with your band of officials you extolled my compositions.

Unlike so many poets, he does not appear to have been engaged in any serious quarrels. He was decidedly popular on the whole, as might be inferred from the fact that the celebrated critic Hu T'ien-yu told him on their first meeting that he was one of the very few who had extraordinary talent. His entry into the Han-lin Academy was the beginning of Yuan Mei's close relationship with the old Manchu statesman, Yin-chi-shan, who soon became one of his staunchest friends.

In 1739 he obtained leave to go home and marry a Miss Wang, aged twenty-two, and some few years later he was transferred to Nanking, a much more important post than any he had previously held. Some scholars resented having to learn Manchu, a "barbaric script," but Yuan Mei went so far as to say: "Nowadays the Manchus are much more cultivated than the Chinese."

From now on we hear less of our friend's public life, although he spent much time visiting all sorts of places, far and near. One of these, it is interesting to note, was the "Caves of the Thousand Buddhas," made so famous a hundred years or so later by Sir Aurel Stein. They were supposed to have been torn open by a mystic voice in reply to a shepherd's call.

A curious fact, made known before Yuan Mei died, is that in his old age his eyesight improved so much that he no longer needed to wear spectacles.

And now perhaps the best way of summing up his character would be to quote the wise and appealing words with which Dr. Waley ends his preface:—

Personally, I find him a lovable, witty, generous, affectionate, hot-tempered, wildly prejudiced man; a writer of poetry that even at its lightest always has an undertone of deep feeling and at its saddest may at any moment light a sudden spark of fun.

LIONEL GILES

Feed Him With Apricocks. By DENNIS GRAY STOLL. (Frederick Muller, Ltd., London. 160 pp. 1957. 11*s*. 6*d*.)

Those people who have read Dennis Gray Stoll's previous novels will have a surprise when they open the pages of his new book. Whether the surprise will be entirely pleasurable will depend not only on the reader's individual taste but on his ability to appreciate the finer subtleties of a satire.

His earlier works—*Comedy in Chains*; *The Dove Found No Rest* and *Man in Ebony*—led us to assume that Stoll would always be an imaginative writer. They appealed to the senses. In *Feed Him With Apricocks* the author has, for better or worse, finally established the fact that he is a very clever writer. There is very little poetry in the new novel. It is written in what the publishers have called "a fluent crackling style, through the mouth of Lady Shellie Roland, a beautiful ex-Broadway showgirl." In this, Stoll has been particularly clever. He has so completely entered into the character that not only has his own style been submerged under fluent cracklings, but he remains so completely objective that we never get a glimpse of his own feelings towards Shellie, or even the amusing situations in which he has placed her.

What reader will recognize the author of *Man in Ebony* in the following account of Shellie's meeting with a stooping old Cambridge Professor?

"I guess we've studied men from different angles, Professor," I told him. "And besides, I take it, Mankind includes women with you?"

"Most emphatically. I've studied a good many women in my time."

I sure didn't imagine that twinkle behind his glasses, so I said: "I'll bet there's plenty you could teach them, Professor. And that interests me. You see, I've been trying to learn from Mr. Wallace about Copy Writing. But he won't tell me how he knows the way a girl will react to his nylon Ads."

"Has it occurred to you that perhaps Mr. Wallace has no idea?"

"It surely has. But he should at least try to find out. After all, I'm one of his consumers. I wear the damn things. I even offered myself as a subject for research."

But perhaps the cleverest thing about the book is that it provides two entirely different levels of reading. It can be enjoyed by those romantic people who appreciate a love story, or, by the more serious readers who get their satisfaction in a more subtle way —that is, by seeking to understand the author's symbols and the main purpose that prompted him to write the book. And Dennis Gray Stoll is a man with a purpose. This has been apparent in all his work. It is almost certain that his new novel will widen his circle of readers.

PARNELL BRADBURY

Vividh Vyakhyano (Several Lectures). Vol. III. By BALVANTRAI K. THAKORE. (M. S. University, Baroda. 336 pp. 1956. Rs. 4.00)

The late Professor B. K. Thakore was a force in Gujarati literature. His erudition, his originality of approach, his contribution to both creative and critical literature and his work as a teacher have carved out for him a name which will be long remembered.

This third volume of his lectures bears testimony to his versatility and his powers. They range from teaching and teachers to the various characteristics that have moulded the people of Gujarat. Like every true friend, he has not been afraid to point out forcefully and bluntly the drawbacks and deficiencies of the Gujarati people and the remedies for them. The main subjects of his lectures, though, pivot round literary themes, and some of them like *"Pratibhabeejni Mavjat"* (Care in the Nurture of Seeds of Genius) and *"Sohrab ane Rustam"* (Sohrab and Rustum) are lectures that every student of Gujarati letters must and does know.

Like all forceful personalities Professor Thakore had also strong predilections and prejudices. He never concealed them when alive, and they too peep out of this book posthumously published. The reader may not, and the discriminating reader will certainly not, share his prejudice and his bias, but all will enjoy and benefit from these utterances. The book deserves to be read by all students of Gujarati life and letters.

GULABDAS BROKER

Religion Can Help the World. A Symposium including Contributions from RISHIRAM, ISRAEL MATTUCK, MIRESSE GUNASERI MAHA THERO, FLOYD ROSS, DR. H. GHORABA and REGINALD SORENSEN. Edited by ARTHUR PEACOCK. (World Congress of Faiths, London. 48 pp. 1957. 2*s.* 6*d.*)

This pamphlet contains the substance of various talks given at gatherings of the World Congress of Faiths, and reprinted from its quarterly *Forum,* as well as a lecture by Professor Floyd Ross, given to the National Association of Biblical Instructors in the U.S.A., in which he makes the point that "we need to learn how to die to our concepts and our creedal conceits as new experiences make new concepts necessary." The contributions are well representative of the platform on which the World Congress takes its stand.

E. W.

What They Believe: A Survey of Religious Faith among Groups of College Students. By G. EDWIN COVINGTON. (Philosophical Library, New York xiii+109 pp. 1956. $4.50)

This book gives the author's analysis of the answers to a questionnaire he presented to over 800 young Americans. The questionnaire consisted of 86 statements, each followed by the words True, False, Uncertain, which the respondents used to indicate their replies. The statements were grouped under the headings "Concepts of God," "Concepts of Jesus," "The Future of Life," "Concepts of the Bible," "Religion and Society" and "Prayer and Devotional Life."

The author regards the questionnaire as a threefold instrument:—

> First, it is designed to show the correlation of beliefs to traditional theological methods and dogma. Second, it is so constructed as to evoke the personal interpretation of the doctrine to which the respondent has been exposed. And third, the questionnaire is designed to show quantitatively the content of religious training absorbed by the respondent.

Although the replies often showed inconsistencies, suggesting that either the respondents had "failed to do any reflective thinking while reading the statement" or the questions presented issues new to them, the author finds no reason to doubt the respondents' sincerity.

It is clear that the author hopes his work will be of guidance to teachers of religion. He repeatedly urges his belief that

> if the enemies of Christianity can set youth to doubting in any area of faith the inroad may lead to the disintegration of the entire structure of faith.

But the author appears to identify faith with doctrine, and he wants young American Christians to be carefully coached to be able to withstand all criticism of their doctrines. But, surely, such an approach must result in weakness, not strength. The Christian view of the Bible must continue to grow. Let modern youth boldly find out for itself the true nature of man and the true nature of God, and questions of doctrine will settle themselves.

IRENE R. RAY

Outline of Hinduism. By T. M. P. MAHADEVAN. (Chetana, Ltd., Bombay. xvi+312 pp. 1956. Rs. 7.50; 11*s.* 6*d*; $2.00)

Sixteen years ago the author wrote on the subject of Hinduism under the same title. He then presented briefly the bare outlines of Hindu religion and philosophy. The present volume is a clear, competent and exhaustive treatment of the fundamental aspects of Hinduism. The subject is ably presented on the basis of a study of the original scriptures. The author sets forth the fundamental metaphysical and ethical doctrines of Hinduism in simple, coherent and convincing terms.

The volume opens with a clear account of the essential characteristics of spiritual religion. The author quotes from the *Taittiriya Upanishad* that religion seeks to realize "the soul of truth, the delight of life and the bliss of mind, the fullness of peace and eternity." The distinguishing characteristics of Hinduism—its universality of outlook, its tolerance of other modes of thought and ways of life, its special scriptures, its elaborate scheme of rituals and their meanings, its many bewildering cults and the triple spiritual discipline—are all explained fully in different chapters.

Over a hundred pages of the book (Chapters vii and ix) are devoted to the exposition of the six systems of Indian philosophy and a brief summary of contemporary Indian philosophy. A very useful glossary of terms is given at the end.

P. NAGARAJA RAO

Race Relations in World Perspective: Papers Read at the Conference on Race Relations in World Perspective, Honolulu 1954. Edited with an Introduction by ANDREW W. LIND. (University of Hawaii Press. xix+488 pp. 1955. $6.00)

These nineteen papers are grouped under *Frame of Reference,* a paper on "Reflections on the Theory of Race Relations" by Herbert G. Blumer, and four sub-divisions: (1) three papers by different authors under: *Demographic and Economic Factors Affecting Race Relations;* (2) six papers under: *Political and Ideological Considerations;* (3) four papers under: *Race Relations as Affecting Personality;* and (4) six papers under *A Regional Orientation.*

The current trend in the social sciences is to shift from the biological to a social conception of race. Secondly, the explanation of "race relations" must be sought in social conditions and historic experience and not in any analysis of "race." For biologists and physical anthropologists who undertake the scientific task of isolating and identifying human races have not agreed and do not agree on the criteria of a race. Therefore, there are two conclusions: one that the sheer fact of race has no determinative bearing on race relations; and, two, that the possibility of forming a theory of "race relations" suited to the emerging world lies in making it a "policy" theory, *i.e.*, devoting it to analyzing a given concrete situation as a basis for the devising of policy and the guidance of action.

Policy theory requires an intimate knowledge of the given concrete situation, its people, their traditional views, their present run of attention, and the forces at work among them.

Altogether a useful book for social scientists on a complicated problem.

N. A. NIKAM

Siddhartha: Man of Peace (A Drama). By HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA. (Jaico Publishing House, Bombay. 226 pp. 1956. Rs. 2.00)

The Buddha Jayanti celebrations have brought in their wake a spate of literature, some of it very fine, but much that is mediocre.

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya has a well-established reputation, not only as poet and playwright, but as actor and producer also, and this latest work of his, a play in eight acts, shows his mastery of stage-craft, combining realism with the supernatural.

The gentle, compassionate wisdom of the Buddha and his beautiful selfless character must inspire reverence not only in the Buddhists but also in those of other faiths, and the author describes, in ecstatic lines, the birth of the infant Gautama:—

O what a shiver passes along the lotuses in yonder pool! And how the peacock dances!

Stress is laid on the absence of interest in worldly pleasures and on the spiritual aloofness that mark the little Prince Siddhartha from his early childhood. When he eventually decides to break the fetters that tie him to the world, and takes his last look at his lovely sleeping wife and newborn babe, we feel the humanity of the man that wrings from him the cry "The darkest hour for me"; but his divinity is proclaimed anew with his triumphant words that follow immediately: "and yet, the darkest hour before the dawn."

Harindranath Chattopadhyaya is considered a pioneer in progressive literature; however, an indiscriminate use of colloquialisms tends to mar the beauty and gravity of the lofty sentiments that the author has sought to express.

ROSHAN KOTHAWALA

A LETTER FROM LONDON

[**Shri Sunder Kabadi** describes in this letter the growing fear of the citizens of London. They realize that a third world war might mean the destruction of Britain. There is as yet no protection against thermo-nuclear weapons. The tests of nuclear devices now going on are a menace and their danger adds to the tension and the sense of alarm.—ED.]

To all outward appearance the people of Britain today work, eat, fall in love, marry, have children, amuse themselves at the cinema, theatre, dance hall, celebrate their private anniversaries and traditional festivities with the same enthusiasm and love of life as they did ten or twenty years ago. Joy and boredom, happiness and sorrow, hope and ambition come in about the same proportions as in the past. Since the middle of this month, however, the people of Britain have had every reason to look at the future with a fear and a dread which no other generation has had to live with. It is the fear that if Britain should be involved in a third world war it would be unable to defend itself from attack by thermo-nuclear weapons and would be utterly devastated, with millions of people atomized or burnt to death.

When Britain's vulnerability to massive destruction was pointed out by certain politicians and others at the time of the development in America of the first hydrogen bomb, they were dismissed by Ministers and the other advocates of "peace through strength" as alarmists and defeatists. It is now the Government itself which has at last had the courage to warn the nation of the stark fact that, for Britain, another war means extinction.

"It must be frankly recognised," stated the White Paper on defence which was debated in the House of Commons in the middle of April, "that there is at present no means of providing adequate protection for the people of this country against the consequences of an attack with nuclear weapons . . . a proportion [of enemy bombers] would inevitably get through. Even if it were only a dozen, they could with megaton bombs inflict wide-spread devastation."

The White Paper then went on to say that "This makes it more than ever clear that the overriding consideration in all military planning must be to prevent war rather than to prepare for it," and "pending international agreement" on disarmament, "the only existing safeguard against major aggression is the power to threaten retaliation with nuclear weapons."

So long as Britain continues to believe that peace can only be preserved by fear, the nation will be gambling with its very existence. Every active or potential frontier dispute or incident anywhere in the world involving the interests or prestige of Britain, America and the Soviet Union will threaten the survival of Britain. The Anglo-French attack on Egypt could easily have dragged Britain and her allies over the final precipice. So long as the United States and Russia are struggling to wrest a dominant position for themselves in the countries of West Asia, the dangers of a small conflict spreading and engulfing the two blocs will be ever present. In Eastern Europe and in divided Germany the dangers of a world war suddenly spreading from local tensions, artificially stimulated as they are by the Big Powers themselves, can never be regarded as remote until political settlements make possible an atmosphere of stability.

By joining the nuclear armaments race, Britain has doomed herself to a period of chronic fear and insecurity. Under their apparent serenity the British people, even in the last few

months, have been consuming more and more sedatives, nerve tonics and "pep-up" pills, large quantities of which, incidentally, are imported from the United States. One of the contributory causes of their anxiety complex and instability must certainly be the individual's feeling of frustration and impotence when he reads such things in his newspaper day after day as "Shall We All Be Alive in the Next Five Years?" an article speculating on the outbreak of the third World War, and *The Last Days*, a serialized novel describing in graphic detail "the horror of an atom war."

The television, which in the main used to provide him with long hours of ephemeral entertainment, can no longer be relied upon to satisfy completely his need to escape from the grim warnings of eminent scientists like Sir John Cockroft, eminent philosophers and humanists like Bertrand Russell and Dr. Schweitzer, religious leaders like the Pope and the urgent pleadings of statesmen like Pandit Nehru. When he switched on his television the other evening he saw grim film shots of the after-effects of an atomic explosion. To spare the feelings of his children he was advised by the commentator in advance to take them out of the room while the picture was showing. The scenes were from a Japanese film, *The Shadow of Hiroshima*, and showed patients in Hiroshima Hospital suffering, dying and dead from leukæmia, the terrible disease of the blood caused by radioactive infection. As he looked at these grim pictures, he was reminded that nearly twelve years after America had dropped the bomb on that unhappy city people were still dying from the effects.

Dr. Schweitzer, in urging that further testing of H-bombs should be banned, criticized public opinion in the H-bomb countries for not rousing itself sufficiently to stop them. But public opinion in Britain, although it is very slow to express itself, has never been more active than since the Government announced its intention to go ahead with the H-bomb tests in the Pacific. Judging by the space devoted by the newspapers to this issue in their correspondence columns, there would be strong support for any British move to take the initiative to secure an agreement halting further tests as a first step towards ending further construction of thermo-nuclear weapons altogether.

A tragic aspect of the situation is the divided opinion among the leaders of the Labour Party and the fact that it was a Labour Government which set Britain on the path of atomic bomb development. A political party which chose to go into reverse on a major issue like the building of thermo-nuclear weapons would upset many of its nominal supporters and run a risk of losing a general election which it now can reasonably expect to win. The official Labour policy over the H-bomb is therefore the limited one of abandoning the forthcoming tests in the Pacific. By doing this, they argue, Britain would be giving a moral lead which could not fail to find a response in the United States and even in Russia.

To the average person with no hard and fast political convictions, this proposal does not carry much weight. One of his arguments is: "What is the use of our having an H-bomb if we haven't been able to test it to find out whether it will go off?" To the warnings of the scientists and the appeals of religious and social leaders against Britain taking the responsibility for unleashing more poison into the atmosphere, the average person is inclined to retort that no such enormous outcry was ever made when Russia and the United States began to test their H-bombs. Why should Britain be singled out for special moral censure, especially when, as Mr. Macmillan has insisted, the British tests will be carefully controlled to reduce fall-out to the absolute

minimum?

One of the reasons, of course, is that if a relatively small country like Britain, with a tenth of the resources of the United States, can develop and build H-bombs, the chances are that many other countries, including Germany and France, will in the not too distant future remove the secrecy from their own nuclear research and development projects and announce that they also intend to "promote peace" by testing their own nuclear devices.

Mr. Macmillan, in a letter to the Japanese Prime Minister justifying Britain's resolve to continue with the tests in the Pacific, contended that the peace and security of the free countries of Asia depended on the West maintaining its nuclear "deterrent." This kind of nuclear patronage from the West would certainly be spurned if it were offered, but it is not offered—we are told casually that we have been roped in under the Western "nuclear umbrella."

One of the reasons why many ordinary people who are good to their wives, proud of their young children, and angered at the mention of fox-hunting or stag-hunting, are apparently unmoved by the weight of scientific evidence proving that atomic radiation has already resulted in the death of some Japanese fishermen and has brought the people of Japan to a state of near hysteria, is that these people regard their approval of the bomb—in the absence of a three-power agreement to abolish it—as a sign of moral courage. If an American and a Russian can maintain their nerve in this game of nuclear power politics, should the Englishman raise the white flag? It is the traditional "stiff upper lip" attitude of the English middle class.

I have actually sat and listened to one junior Minister brushing aside the warnings of the scientists as so much needless exaggeration. "Why!" he snorted, "I remember just before the war a doctor was doing some X-Ray experiments in his laboratory and the maid next door was actually sterilized!" If this is the kind of comforting advice that Mr. Macmillan has been getting, it is hardly surprising that he should tell the world that Britain's bombs were "just little ones." But as the *Daily Herald* commented, "the public is in no mood for baby-talk about poison pops and the patter of tiny deterrents."

Those who want Britain to have the H-bomb have been dealing in half-truths in their attempts to ease the fears and the conscience of the British people. There is not a lot of time left for a majority of the people to wake up to this and to demand a foreign policy based on moral values instead of cynical expediency.

SUNDER KABADI

April 26th, 1957.

LEAVES FROM A PARIS DIARY

[Something of the thought and feeling of many countries THE ARYAN PATH has always tried to bring to its readers. Our quarterly letters from London have been to this end. We have much pleasure, therefore, in announcing that we shall now also have monthly "Leaves from a Paris Diary." This literary, dramatic and philosophic causerie will be written by our esteemed friend **Shri Baldoon Dhingra,** resident in Paris as an official of the Unesco's Department of Education, and himself educationist, playwright and poet.—ED.]

India has lost in the death of Swami Siddheswarananda, Head of the Ramakrishna Centre at Gretz, France, one of its greatest cultural ambassadors. No one helped better than he did to bring closer together on the level of the spirit the countries of France and India. He had a great capacity for understanding the needs of others and a unique gift of sympathetic imagination. It is for this reason that the Swami was mourned by peoples of all creeds and religions. It was a tribute to his warm humanity and childlike qualities that services and sermons were held in almost every church or mosque, ranging from the Greek and Russian Orthodox churches to Catholic cathedrals. The Swami was a true exponent of the perennial philosophy. Those who listened to his lectures at the Sorbonne on the "Yoga of St. John of the Cross" will have recognized the depth of his intuition, and many will cherish "those little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love." The present writer had the honour of knowing him ever since he came to Paris, eleven years ago.

* * *

The Advisory Committee on the mutual appreciation of Eastern and Western cultural values met in Unesco House early this month. The erudite Sardar Panikkar, Indian Ambassador to France, was elected Chairman and the distinguished Sinologue, Mr. Elisceff, Curator of the Musée Cernushi, served as Rapporteur. This Committee was appointed at the New Delhi Conference, where a preliminary meeting was held last December with the active collaboration of Shrimati Sophia Wadia and Professor Hope.

The Advisory Committee has established certain criteria for the participation of Member States in the Major Project of Unesco and has suggested methods for its realization, relating chiefly to exchange of persons, holding of symposia and the production of suitable material for teachers. A further meeting will be held early in 1958. The participants were agreed that to appreciate another culture meant primarily to develop an attitude and a new way of looking at things for their own sake.

* * *

The Paris theatre has been this month more international than ever. At the Theatre des Nations many great plays are being performed as part of the Paris Drama Festival. The production of Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill's masterpiece *Dreigroschenoper* (Threepenny Opera) has been received with much excitement and admiration, even though some French critics have not been in agreement about its merits from the point of view of production. The play is powerful, angry and violent. In Brecht's hand the old eighteenth-century comedy of Gay has a sharper bite and Weill's score emphasizes its lashing sarcasm.

The violence and sense of gloom which pervades Brecht's play has a certain transcendental quality; whereas in the other much-talked-of plays in the Paris theatres—*Waiting for Godot,* Felicien Marceau's *L'Œuf,* Tennessee Williams's *The Cat on the Hot Tin Roof* are some—the tortured view of the world is represented with grim seriousness. In a recent interview, Tennessee

Williams explains this accent on harshness and coldness and violence reflected in recent drama. He says, "Haven't you noticed that people are dropping all around you, like moths out of season, as the result of the present plague of violence and horror in this world and time we live in?" The positive effect or message of such negative plays—like *L'Œuf* in particular, and *Waiting for Godot* and *Fin de Partie*—is in Tennessee Williams's words the

> crying, almost screaming need of a great world-wide human effort to know ourselves and each other a great deal better, well enough to concede that no man had a monopoly on right or virtue any more than any man has a corner on duplicity and evil and so forth. If people, and races and nations would start with that self-manifest truth, then I think that the world would sidestep the sort of corruption which I have involuntarily chosen as the basic, allegorical theme of my plays as a whole.

These fine words do indeed calm the mind even though when one sees such plays it is an empty, sardonic, diabolic laughter that one hears around one. These plays are fit for psychotherapists only.

Waiting for Godot is an original, if enigmatic play. The play has "a strange power," and conveys the filthiness and insufferable boredom of human existence in which dark tramps flit about the stage. To some the play rather presents the Sartre world—bleak, dark, horrible, conveyed in Joyce's language—pungent and fabulous. But the world is the world of Kafka or the author of *The Twenty-fifth Hour*, a world utterly devoid of human values. *L'Œuf*, another name for this world, shows a world equally retrograde in which there is a "system" to solve all problems. There is a secret system to be located. The system Magis, the hero, discovers is a "lie" which, if properly lived, is the master key to all doors. The play presents a modern, decrepit view of looking at the Ten Commandments, which says "No" to the world of love and friendship.

From the surrounding gloom of these and other plays, John Van Druten's *La Magicienne en Pantoufles* saves us by presenting a world of witchcraft conquered by the wizardry of love. It would be interesting to see what Thornton Wilder, just arrived in Paris, has to say in his study on *The Spiritual Crisis of Our Times*.

BALDOON DHINGRA

TAGORE'S EDUCATIONAL PHILOSOPHY

Professor Sunil Chandra Sarkar of the Visvabharati University, in two articles in *The Indo-Asian Culture* (October 1956 and January 1957), attempts to elucidate the educational philosophy of Tagore by an examination and analysis of his writings and speeches. It is a difficult task, as Tagore never claimed to propound a systematic philosophy. Nor has he set down definitely his guiding principle of thought. But it is possible to see the same trend of thought—essentially a result of his own experiences—underlying all his writings and speeches.

Tagore insisted on two principles as absolutely essential to education: unhampered freedom to liberate all the powers of a personality and close communion with Nature.

> For our perfection we have to be vitally savage and mentally civilized; we should have the gift to be natural with nature, and human with man.

Cramming and mugging find no place in his scheme of things. His educational system is creative, in that it enables a pupil to realize

> that to live as a man is great, requiring profound philosophy for its ideal, poetry for its expression and heroism for its conduct.

R. J.

ENDS AND SAYINGS

"————————ends of verse
And sayings of philosophers."
HUDIBRAS

The Great Disease which bars the way to Immortality is wrong knowledge, which is worse than ignorance. A proper comprehension of that disease opens the Way to Wisdom, frees man and fits him to behold the Light which is Peace, Compassion which is the Law of Love Eternal.

Modern civilization, with its centre in the Occident, is acutely suffering from the great disease of craving of sensuous and sensual existence. The problems of war and peace between two rival groups, both suffering from that disease, are in reality surface problems. The roots of the disease are in the human Psyche, which, in the vast majority of men and women, is dissociated from the Nous; this psychological ailment is named schizophrenia. The Asian world influenced by the Occident is fast falling prey to that disease. In this Iron Age both neuroses and psychoses flourish, and psychosomatic diseases are greatly on the increase owing to class struggle, trade rivalries and large-scale industrialization.

The Saturday Review of New York published in two instalments (March 16th and 23rd) a study of this social ailment under the general caption —"The Limitations of Psychoanalysis." The highly-reputed Dr. Erich Fromm writes on "Man Is Not a Thing"; and Dr. J. A. Gengerelli "takes a hard look at the basic theory of psychoanalysis, its scientific credulity, and the widespread quackery to which its fads and abuses can give rise." The first article has some interesting thoughts; the second offers useful suggestions. Both suffer from lack of knowledge which is available to them but which is disregarded because of scientific bias and prejudice. The opening para of Dr. Fromm's article tells the tale:—

> The growing popularity of psychology is interpreted by many as a sign of our approach to the Delphic ideal: "Know Thyself." The idea of self-knowledge has its roots in the Greek and Judæo-Christian tradition. It was part of the enlightenment attitude. Men like James and Freud, deeply rooted in this tradition, helped to transmit it to us. But we must not ignore other aspects of contemporary psychology which are dangerous and destructive to human spiritual development.

Was there no psychological knowledge before the Greek and Judæo-Christian tradition? Is there no psychological wisdom in the writings of Confucius and Mencius, of Lao Tzu and Chuang Tzu? And in India—Krishna and Buddha, Patanjali and the Acharyas? These Asiatic masters knew what the modern "authorities" are ignorant about. But how can we blame men of the West when Chinese and Indian "scholars" err in the same way?

How very apposite are these words written in 1888 by H. P. Blavatsky in *The Secret Doctrine* (I. 636):—

> But it is not physical Science that we can ever ask to read man for us, as the riddle of the Past, or that of the Future; since no philosopher is able to tell us even what man is, as he is known both to physiology and psychology. In doubt whether man was "a god or beast," he is now connected with the latter and derived from an animal. No doubt that the care of analyzing and classifying the human being as a *terrestrial animal* may be left to Science, which occultists—of all men—regard with veneration and respect. They recognize its ground and the wonderful work done by it, the progress achieved in physiology, and even—to a degree—in biology. But man's *inner*, spiritual, psychic, or even moral, nature cannot be left to the tender mercies of an ingrained materialism; for not even the higher psychological philosophy of the West is able, in its present incompleteness and tendency towards a decided agnosticism, to do justice to the inner; especially to his higher

capacities and perceptions, and those states of consciousness, across the road to which such authorities as Mill draw a strong line, saying "So far, and no farther shalt thou go."

The need for reorienting our educational system to the pattern of basic education has been acknowledged on all hands, but progress in effecting the transformation has been rather slow. According to the Assessment Committee appointed by the Union Ministry of Education to study the progress of basic education, this transformation will take some more time and effort. A brochure published at the Committee's suggestion to indicate how to speed up the transformation has urged that a definite time limit be set by every State for the change-over.

There are several misconceptions prevailing about basic education. As conceived and explained by Gandhiji, it is essentially an education for life. It aims at creating a social order free from violence and exploitation. That is why creative and useful social work by all boys and girls, irrespective of caste or class, is placed at the very foundation of basic education.

There are critics who feel that children of tender age should not be subject to such work, lest it should tax their strength. On the other hand, the effective teaching of a craft carried on under proper conditions would not only make the acquisition of much related knowledge more concrete and realistic, but would also implant respect and love for all useful work, and would contribute to the development of character.

Further, basic education does not dispense with books altogether, but rightly shifts the emphasis to learning through practice more than by theory. The basic scheme postulates that the book is not the main avenue to knowledge and culture, and that properly organized productive work can in many ways enrich both knowledge and personality.

The importance of libraries can hardly be overrated. They serve the purpose of large-scale educational institutions, catering to the needs of all learners, irrespective of their age or condition.

It is, therefore, refreshing to read in the *Amrita Bazar Patrika* the presidential address before the eleventh Bengal Library Conference at Purulia in which Shri B. S. Kesavan, Librarian of the National Library, expressed satisfaction at the growing awareness of the value of library development. Since India lives predominantly in the villages, and as rural people are in many respects less well educated than their fellow citizens in urban areas, the need for a special rural library service was rightly stressed by him when he said:—

> The district and rural librarians' job in this country was going to be a matter of great dynamism and human relations. An all round training in audio-visual methods, elocution, art appreciation, educational aims and methods, had to be imparted to those who aspired to do library work in the country. A district or village librarian today must have more than mere library dimensions. Whereas in a highly developed country with a rich tradition of book publishing, libraries and higher education, it was conceivable that library qualifications were enough for the job of an urban librarian or a country librarian, in this country where hardly anything could be taken for granted in the way of reading habits or books, or equipment, the librarian had to be much more than a competent technician.

A Government programme has now been fashioned, and by 1961, it is anticipated there will be no district without its own library and circulating mobile service. But the success of any library movement depends not merely on establishing a country-wide library service, but also on looking after the quality of the books that are being read and studied. The infusion of real love for knowledge in the minds of the common people is possibly the most important function of a library. The development of a library movement is a delicate and difficult task; for in the words of a Unesco Study, *Books for*

All, there is serious danger that without literature of good quality, library reading "might by a tragic irony lead to an actual lowering of the cultural level." There is much wisdom in the words of Shri Kesavan:—

> If you look at the mental dimensions of those engaged in running a public library, anywhere in the world, what has one to say? How far have the personalities of the men engaged in this work of running the public libraries contributed to the success of the library beyond their competence in getting the books ready for the people to use? As you know, various categories of material are labelled in a big store with attendants behind the counters. The entire population of the city mills around the place buying goods and the assistants at the counter help them out. How far different is the public library from a big shop and how much do the workers in the library approximate to the assistants at the counter?

Dr. Ernest Jones, consulting physician at the London Clinic of Psychoanalysis, discusses "some of the factors conditioning the workings of certain forms of productive thinking" under the title "Nature of Genius" in *The Scientific Monthly* of February 1957. The author is convinced that genius does not imply any attribute that differs essentially from those present in all human beings. The manifold differences between various individuals and between the various races of mankind are quantitative rather than qualitative.

Dr. Jones goes on to consider the attributes of genius, with special reference to scientific men of genius. Creative activities of genius are characterized by such features as "intuitive inspiration" received in a sudden flash, spontaneity and periodicity or cycles in productivity. Goethe is quoted as saying: "The first and last task required of genius is love of truth." Originality or an entirely fresh and different way of looking at things, a sense of the significant, hard work and intense concentration—which reminds one of Carlyle's well-known dictum that genius is "a transcendent capacity of taking trouble" —are some of the other features that Dr. Jones mentions as characterizing men of genius.

It may be remarked that the view Ancient Psychology takes of what constitutes real genius is different from what is generally understood by the term today. Great intellectual development is not necessarily a sign of true genius. The distinction between true and artificial genius needs to be clearly understood: the former arises from the light of the immortal Soul, the latter from the purely human intellect. Until the powers of the Inner Ego, developed in and brought down from past incarnations, are recognized by modern scientists, the problem of what causes genius and what its real nature is will continue to be wrapped in mystery. A powerful Ego could be a genius, though having the brain of a half-wit, as witness "Blind Tom," for example.

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